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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VIII. No. 199 (New Series) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ANOTHER good thing has come out of Geneva this week. It was in a highly charged atmosphere that the League Council met to hear Jugoslavia's case against Hungary. Tempers were hot on both sides. A wholesale expulsion of Hungarians from Jugoslavia territory was going on, and this was only stopped (at the instance of the British Government) when some 3,000 unoffending persons had been bundled over the frontier. In the Council France, as well as Czechoslovakia and Rumania, was openly backing the Jugoslavs, Italy the Hungarians. M. Titulescu made a particularly truculent speech, and M. Laval and Dr. Benes were both strong in their denunciation of Hungary's "revisionist" aims. Happily, however, there were conciliatory influences at work, and the greatest credit is due to Mr. Eden for his part in bringing about a settlement. Great Britain has in the past three or four years cut a poor figure in international affairs. It is a welcome sign of change that our Government have twice during the last week played the honest broker in two European quarrels of the first magnitude.

A Triumph for the League

The agreement that was reached with remarkable suddenness on Monday night has been hailed as a triumph for the "League method". And that it undoubtedly was; there would have been small chance of a peaceful outcome had the Foreign Offices of Belgrade and Budapest been left to themselves (or worse still, excited by the private counsels of their respective champions in other countries) to arrange their differences. The terms of settlement are as fair as could be expected in all the circumstances. Some blame is admitted to attach to Magyar officials who encouraged refugee terrorist organisations; but there is no question of making the Hungarian Government, still less the Hungarian people, responsible for the murder of King Alexander. And the fact that each side regards this result as a victory for its own thesis will do no one any harm. It is agreed, moreover, that a concerted international attempt shall be made to deal with terrorism generally. That may be difficult, but it is worth trying. The larger issue of treaty revision, which lies in the background, is of course not touched; this was obviously not the occasion for stirring up sleeping dogs. But in fact the dogs have never more than one eye closed, and sooner or later they will have to be disposed of. So long as the treaties stand in their present rigidity the peace of Europe will be precarious.

The Saar and Germany

Arrangements for the international force to police the Saar under the authority of the League are now practically complete. The British contingent will number 1,500, the Italian 1,300, the Dutch and the Swedish 250 each, and the whole will be commanded by a British

officer, Major-General Brind. This has given universal satisfaction, except to a few gaudy-minded patriots who thought that our soldiers ought to be kilted Highlanders or red-coated guardsmen. With this force in the Saar immediate anxiety about the plebiscite next month has been allayed. There still remain, of course, fears for the future—when and if the Saar has been reincorporated into the Reich. The German Government have promised that there will be no victimisation of minorities, for a certain period at least. Whether that undertaking will be observed may depend in a considerable measure on the march of events in Germany. To the outward eye the Nazi policy of persecution and repression goes on with little abatement. The Church war is not ended, and there are rumours of a new attack presently on the Catholics. General Göring still refuses to release Torgler and other innocent prisoners and justifies the concentration camps. But Hitler himself has been quieter of late; and his dependence on the Reichswehr and the forces of the Right has been once again clearly illustrated by the dismissal of Feder, the advanced economist, from whom, he has told us he first "saw the light."

The Profits of War

Mr. Roosevelt's decision to set up a committee to draft legislation designed "to take the profit out of war" and to co-ordinate and control the private manufacture of arms, contrasts oddly with the attitude of our own Government which admits no unusual evils in the arms traffic and pre-judges the issue in the favour of private manufacture before it offers to set up a form of inquiry to consider the question. Gratified though they must be that the pressure of opinion has forced this prompt action on the American Government, some of the senators engaged in the inquiry naturally fear that Mr. Roosevelt's intervention before its completion may be meant to put a stop to revelations which continue to be startling and which are likely, in the near future, more directly to involve American Government officials. We are glad to see that they protest their intention to complete the inquiry in any case. Of course, it all depends on what Mr. Roosevelt really intends to do. The Washington correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*, which reports the Arms Inquiry more fully than any other paper in England, says that it is assumed in the United States that Mr. Roosevelt means to adopt the proposal to tax war profits by 98 or 99 per cent., and Mr. Roosevelt's own statement leaves no doubt that he intends some drastic reorganisation of the armament industry. But the revelations of the monstrous profits made by manufacturers in the last war, and of the bribery and corruption which penetrate the whole industry, have so roused American public opinion that it will not be easily satisfied short of actually abolishing private manufacture.

War Debts—R.D.

Again the United States has sent us in a bill for the sums due on the War Debt, including arrears, accompanied by a letter intimating readiness to negotiate for a settlement. Again we have refused to pay, politely explaining that in our view the time has not yet come when negotiations can be expected to lead to any useful result. Almost everyone in this country will agree with the Government's attitude. There is still no sign that the American Congress would be prepared to endorse any settlement to which we could possibly agree, or to accept the view, which seems to us plain common sense, that the ending of Reparations logically involves wiping the slate clean of War Debts as well. We continue to acknowledge our liability—on paper; for we do not wish to incur the odium of definite repudiation if we can avoid it. But there is still no real means of paying War Debts in goods over the United States tariff; and payment in gold would merely add to the already excessive reserves in America. It is easy to understand that the American taxpayer resents paying the American bondholder the sums which we refuse to pay; but that is a share of the war burden which falls far less heavily on the American taxpayer than on the British or the French, despite the European defaults. The plain fact is that we can only pay at the cost of setting up fresh international disequilibrium which would be of disadvantage to the United States as well as to Great Britain.

Italy Leaves the Gold Standard

The "gold bloc" has lost one of its members; for Italy is now to all intents and purposes off the gold standard. The commandeering of foreign assets held by Italians and the new measures of exchange control just introduced mean that Italy passes out of the group of countries, headed by Germany, which keep their currencies nominally at an unchanged parity with gold, but achieve this only by drastic restrictions upon foreign payments. It has been evident for some time past that Italy, despite her protestations, could only remain on the gold standard in any real sense, if she was prepared to devalue her currency. This, like Germany, she is not yet willing to do, for fear mainly of the reactions on opinion among the small rentiers and other middle class elements which have hitherto supported the Fascist regime. There remained only the alternative of exchange control, involving the drastic regulation of imports and, in effect, the keeping of the external value of the currency at an artificially high level. The experience of Germany has shown that this policy makes possible a considerable amount of internal reflation, though it badly hampers foreign trade and bilks foreign creditors of part of their money. How far Italy will go along these two lines remains to be seen. Even more important is the question whether her defection will drive other members of the "gold bloc" into revolt. France, under M. Flandin, will presumably make no move; but there are powerful anti-gold forces in both Holland and Switzerland, and to some extent in Poland and Belgium as well.

The India Debates

The Government's India Report was approved in the House of Commons on Wednesday by a large majority —410 votes to 127. The minority consisted of the Tory Diehards, who hold that the concessions to Indian freedom go too far, and the Labour members, who consider they do not go far enough. In effect the Labour Party will accept the Bill on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread. The debate on the whole reached a high level (as it did also in the House of Lords), and the good will shown on the Government benches towards Indian aspirations was no doubt as genuine as it was timid. But speeches on one side or the other in this country have

ceased to be of much interest or importance. Everything that can be said has been said over and over again. What matters now is what is being said in India—and still more what is going to be done in India. The conduct of the British administration in India will count for more than anything done or said in Westminster or Whitehall. As for the Indian politicians, we hope that, after they have blown off steam, they will respond to Mr. Seymour Cocks's appeal and see what can be made of the new constitution. If it is as fraudulent as some of them say, that will soon be apparent.

Unemployment Assistance Regulations

The new Means Test regulations will at any rate remove the present absurd and unfair variations existing hitherto in the treatment of the unemployed and their dependants from area to area. They will also for the first time bring a large body of uninsured workers within the scope of what is in effect a national system of unemployment benefit, and will to that extent relieve local rates of a most unfairly distributed charge. For this uniformity it is worth while to accept some sacrifice in the areas which have hitherto treated the workless more generously than the great majority, provided that the new standards are on the whole more favourable than the present practice. In general the draft regulations appear to satisfy this condition, especially in respect of the provisions relating to children, to the earnings of members of the household other than the householder, and to allowances for rent. On the other hand, the rates for husband and wife and for single persons are lower than the rates provided under the insurance scheme, which are themselves inadequate; the provisions in respect of savings, though better than those now in force, do not go far enough; and there remains the overriding condition, which is capable of serious abuse, that payments must be less than earnings would be if the recipient were in employment. Moreover, the clause which provides for scaling down the payment where rent is exceptionally low will probably press hardly in mining areas. Nevertheless, the Unemployment Assistance Board has, on the whole, done better than we feared it would; the new regulations will be, on balance, a substantial improvement. This, of course, does not touch the question of whether there ought to be a Means Test at all, at least in anything like its present form. It needs drastic revision. In our view, work or maintenance is a civic right—subject only to reasonable safeguards against abuses.

The Nazis De-rationalise Shipping

Germany, hitherto so set on centralising everything, is now busily engaged in decentralising her shipping industry. The great Hapag-Lloyd combine, which a few years ago united the two biggest German shipping concerns into a single body, is now being broken up into a number of separate companies, each of which is to operate a single service or group of connected services. In fact, the German shipowners have come to the conclusion that rationalisation to the *n*th does not pay, and that smaller concerns are better capable of standing up to world depression. They are alarmed because, under the merger system, Germany's share in world shipping has fallen off sharply, the great combine having favoured the familiar capitalist policy of scrapping and restriction to the extreme point. Are we to expect similar measures of de-rationalisation in other industries? The Nazis want to increase output, in order to provide more employment and check the fall in the standard of life, but the great capitalist trusts, on which they depend, are more inclined to restrict output than to increase it.

Flogging

It will take more than one suicide by a nerve-broken convict to make the Home Office do anything about flogging. The case of the man Collins, who hanged himself with a rope made of his prison clothes rather than face another dose of the "cat," and left a piteous message behind on his slate, was commented upon by "Critic" last week. It now appears, from a question asked by Mr. Robert Bernays in the House of Commons, that Collins was not the only one to take extreme measures to avoid this punishment. His fellow convict, Hollins, who had attempted an escape with him and had likewise been sentenced to an extra three years and twelve strokes with the cat, has resorted to swallowing spoons, forks and pieces of crockery, in order to evade or at least postpone his flogging. But the Home Secretary refuses even an inquiry. He said that the average number of floggings during the last five years was less than twelve—omitting, oddly enough, to include floggings for other offences than insubordination in prison. The average number of floggings under all heads for the past five years is actually about forty.

Thunder in the Lords

It is not often that a House of Lords debate is enlivened by such an outburst as that of the Lord Chief Justice last Tuesday. Lord Hewart can be nasty when he likes, and he was very nasty about the Bill for the appointment of more judges. He complained that he had never been consulted about the personnel of the Commission or about the terms of the measure based on their recommendations. He declaimed in particular against Clause 2, which empowers the Lord Chancellor to appoint a vice-president of the Court of Appeal, and which, he declared, is designed to exclude Lord Justice Slesser from occupying that position, though he might be entitled to it by seniority. He gave an even more sinister touch to the business by recalling past schemes for putting the judicature under the heel of the executive, and finally he announced that he would fight tooth and nail against "this disgraceful Bill." The Lord Chancellor lay low, like Brer Rabbit, the Master of the Rolls denied that he had anything to do with the obnoxious clause, and on that the debate was adjourned. The Lord Chief Justice is not one of our heroes. But we are bound to say that if he was never consulted he has a serious grievance. As for Lord Justice Slesser, we sympathise with him in being dragged into this unfortunate situation, whatever may be the rights and wrongs of the case. It now rests with the Government to rebut the attack if they can, by showing exactly what the rights and wrongs are, and that their proposal is based on principle and not on personal considerations.

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WHERE DOES THE LABOUR PARTY STAND NOW?

SOUTHPORT made it abundantly clear that, if the Labour Party is returned to power in the near future, it means both to follow a strictly constitutional course and to do its best to avoid an attitude likely to provoke either panic or sabotage among the anti-Socialist forces. That this will be its policy is now definitely settled; and it is mere waste of time to discuss the programme of a possible Labour Government on any other assumption. What is worth discussing is the nature of the programme that would be practicable for a Labour Government within the assumptions of the Southport Conference. For, though Labour's general line of policy is clear, the positive content of its programme is still a matter of doubt, despite the policy reports and resolutions of the past few years.

Broadly there are, apart from the defeated Left-wingers of the Socialist League, two main streams of opinion within the Labour Party to-day. Of these, one, strong especially within the Trade Union section of the party, though by no means all the prominent Trade Unionists belong to it, would like to see the next Labour Government concentrate mainly on the immediate improvement of working-class conditions—bettering the lot of the workless, helping to raise wages and to reduce hours of labour, stimulating industrial revival so as to provide more employment and add to Trade Union bargaining strength, and at the same time improving the social services by enlarged housing activity, larger pensions at an earlier age in order to withdraw the older workers from industry, and perhaps a rise in the school-leaving age.

The second group, of which Mr. Herbert Morrison is the most influential spokesman, is sceptical of the practicability of such a policy, especially if it stands alone. Mr. Morrison recently expounded his views to a meeting of the British Institute in Paris. After describing the need for improved social legislation, he went on as follows: "The point of contention is how far such a programme (of social reforms) can be applied without meeting grave budgetary or other financial problems, and whether it is not best to put the major emphasis on the socialisation of industry, with a view to the community becoming master of the financial and economic apparatus of society. That there is a tendency to this view among British Socialists cannot be disputed, and I have considerable personal sympathy with it myself." Then he added: "In these circumstances, it will increasingly be the case at future British elections for the issue frankly to be Socialism *versus* Capitalism."

Of course, Mr. Morrison does not mean to discard the policy of immediate social reforms. But he does clearly hold that there are narrow limits to the social reforms that can be carried through as long as the economic and financial apparatus of society remains in capitalist hands. The conflict between the two schools of thought turns on the question of emphasis and relative urgency. There is no difference in what they advocate, but only in the priorities which they assign to the various parts of the Labour programme. This question of priorities is, however, of the very first importance; for on it depends both the programme on which the next General Election will be fought and the substance of the legislation that the next Labour Government may be expected to introduce.

Presumably, if Mr. Morrison has his way, the electors will be told that in voting for Labour they are voting in favour of a gradual and constitutional, but nevertheless drastic and far-reaching, change of economic system, the main benefits of which are bound to be largely deferred until after the new Socialist institutions have had time to get into working order. Mr. Morrison will ask for a mandate to proceed as rapidly as possible with the socialisation of one leading industry or service after another, devoting to this the major part of the available parliamentary time, and keeping down measures of mere salvage and social amelioration to the minimum that any Labour Government must offer in order to retain the confidence of its supporters. On the other hand, the "social reform" section will give to measures of immediate amelioration the greater part of the time of Parliament, and will press on with socialisation only at the pace which the available residue of parliamentary time allows.

Or perhaps the difference goes farther than this. Mr. Morrison, in his Paris speech, seems to have declared definitely against another "minority" Labour Government. He wants a decisively Socialist programme, though he wants to pursue it in a moderate and strictly constitutional way. But one of the attractions of the rival "social reform" programme is that it is not inconsistent with the formation of a minority Government, or even with definite collaboration with "men of good will" in the Liberal, and perhaps even in the Conservative, Party. Moreover, it appeals more strongly than Mr. Morrison's programme of socialisation to many of the national Trade Union leaders, though not perhaps to the main body of active Trade Unionists up and down the country.

As we see the situation, Mr. Morrison's policy is, of the two, greatly to be preferred. The next Labour Government must either show a real and positive advance towards Socialism, or become hopelessly discredited with a large section of its followers. A policy of mere social reforms is most dangerously open, not only to attrition by the House of Lords through wrecking and delaying amendments, but also to budgetary obstacles and to the risk that it may actually handicap recovery by taxing industry more highly without at the same time improving its efficiency and ability to pay. A Labour Government which rests content with such a policy will be in serious peril of spending what it can afford in the first year or two, and then being halted by its Chancellor of the Exchequer, and sent to face its electors at the ensuing General Election with empty hands.

But Mr. Morrison's policy, in the form in which it has been advocated so far, is also not without its dangers. Piecemeal socialisation of particular enterprises will neither mean a real advance towards Socialism nor equip a Government with the power to improve the condition of the people, if the socialised enterprises are merely converted into autonomous public corporations, and not effectively co-ordinated in terms of a comprehensive economic plan. For example, a socialised electricity service cannot be allowed to push its wares without regard to the in some respects rival claims of gas; nor can a satisfactory housing policy be devised except in relation to a planned localisation of the development of industry. Coal, iron and steel, and the chemical industry will all need to be linked closely together; and, if investment is to revive, there will have to be a planned direction of the flow of capital under the auspices of some sort of National Investment Board worked in close association with the socialised banks. Such a plan, moreover, must extend to non-socialised as well as to socialised industries, and must include ways and means of improving the

efficiency of industries in both "sectors." The Labour Party has given in its reports a good deal of attention to particular projects of socialisation; but there is no sign that it has so far even begun to think out practically the technique of applying any sort of general economic plan.

Moreover, while we believe Mr. Morrison is right in emphasising the importance of socialisation as against social reform, there are at least two closely interconnected measures which belong to the latter group and yet must be given star places in the immediate programme of Labour. These two are housing and the provision of useful employment. An incoming Labour Government must be prepared with a great housing programme, both because the electors undoubtedly want it and because the maintenance of housing activity furnishes much the largest single contribution to the keeping of economic activity generally at a high level. Housing is the greatest current form of capital investment; and a fall in building activity would be the surest precursor of a slump.

The unemployment problem is no less critical. A housing programme will help to mitigate it; but beyond that the Labour Party must be prepared to offer to a large proportion of the workless not merely better maintenance, but a positive opportunity for useful and recreative work. Here, too, the existing Labour programme is sadly inadequate; but it can be made adequate, not in opposition to Mr. Morrison's stress on socialisation, but in full harmony with it. For what is needed is to remove from the planning of public works the destructive condition that they must not be such as to limit the openings for profit-making enterprise, or to compete in any way with the capitalist employer. Remove that implied condition, and the field is at once widened so that a policy of job-finding can be made the complement to a policy of rapid socialisation based upon a general economic plan.

It is urgent for the Labour Party, having turned its back upon even the suspicion of unconstitutionality, to convince the electorate now that it means business and is prepared not merely with a series of isolated measures, but with a co-ordinated programme of constitutional transition to a Socialist economy. It has to show that its constitutionalism is not an excuse for timidity or inaction, but is reconcilable with rapid and courageous advance. Mr. Morrison is a man who lacks neither vision nor courage. Will he, and those who think with him, now devote themselves to this vital task? If they will, there is an immense body of support awaiting them; for the danger that now faces the Labour Party is not that of being thought "extreme," but rather that of being suspected of an intention to spend the taxpayers' money without so reconstructing the economic system as to make its expenditure a sound national investment.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SAAR

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN SAARBRÜCKEN]

December 10

THE League Council meeting has put an end to the Saar question as a serious menace to international peace, but it has done nothing to diminish the interest, and indeed the importance, of the plebiscite struggle here. It is extremely satisfactory that the French and German economic experts have been ready to come to terms over the mines and other less agitating financial matters. The controversial coal of the Warndt district just on the French frontier is to be delivered, 2,200,000 tons of it per annum for five years, by the Germans to the French; and, if it is then decided that France has not received the value of 900 million francs, Germany is to take further steps to cover this sum. "Of course the Rome Agreement means a heavy sacrifice for Germany," wrote one of the Saar Nazi papers, "a sacrifice which in part exceeds the burdens of Versailles. . . ."

Until last week, Mr. Knox was in the impossible position of being responsible for the maintenance of order in an over-excited territory where German sovereignty has been suspended—never ended—with no adequate police force save the French troops across the frontier. Now an international force of several thousand men, Englishmen, Italians, Dutch and Swedish, under British command, are to be installed as rapidly as possible.

"What do you say to all these foreigners who are coming?" I asked my Nazi taxi-driver, who looked less than twenty years old, and was therefore not probably entitled to vote in the plebiscite.

"We don't like any foreigners," he said, "we only want Germans here."

"But when it comes to foreigners, which do you prefer? Do you like the English?"

"No, because of the Englishmen here, you see. We like the English least."

"Pity. I'm English."

"Oh, well, there *may* be exceptions."

Yesterday (Sunday) Saarbrücken was bright with flags and black with political demonstrators. The German Front had been so angered that the Plebiscite Commission had forced them to share out the meeting-halls with their opponents that they set up an enormous tent in five sections, large enough to hold 40,000 people. They held a monster meeting there yesterday, and stormed away. Out came the old story about Knox and the beard. Not long ago *William Tell* was to be given here, and they planned to make Gessler look just like Knox, who was away at the time. The Nazi mayor, Neikes, was interviewed by other representatives of the Governing Commission, and Neikes himself proposed that Gessler should be bearded this time, since Knox is clean-shaven. Ever since then the Nazis have said that the coward Knox had insisted on the beard. But yesterday's meetings were chiefly taken up with the Geneva decisions in relation to the possibility of a future revision of the settlement which will follow the vote of January 13th. The Nazi press, in complete disregard of the accepted comments of Laval, Litvinoff and Benes, have been loudly announcing that the settlement will be eternal; indeed, the most intransigent Frenchman has never been more insistent upon the permanence of the Versailles frontiers. The German Front meeting in the gigantic tent hoarsely reiterated that the January decision will be unalterable.

The result of the plebiscite depends upon this, rather than upon any other point. Bitter anti-Nazis would vote for Germany, if to vote for the *status quo* spelt a permanent divorce from the Reich. The Nazis know this only too well. For this reason the anti-Nazi Catholics, now organised in the *Deutsches Volksbund für Christlich-Soziale Gemeinschaft*, had delayed their first meeting until yesterday. Their leaders were able to declare that, in addition to the speeches in the Council, they had just received the most definite assurances in Geneva that no obstacle existed to a later revision of the 1935 settlement. Theirs was a remarkable meeting. It took place in the Johannishof, which holds a bare two thousand, but the hall was packed and people had to be turned away. All around it were hung battle-cries—"Not so 卐, but so ✝," "To be German is to be free," or "Rather dead than the slaves of the Nazis." Many Catholics had been unwilling to take any share in Marxist meetings, and until now they had kept out of the whole struggle. But they came yesterday, respectable German bourgeois, and peasants from the country; the three speakers were as bald-headed and fat-necked as men can be—no three people ever looked more German. The whole spirit of the meeting was so earnestly German-loving as to silence the cynical. "On the 13th of January," said the second speaker, "great things will be at stake—the future of the Saar, and also the fate of Germany, of Europe, of peace

and civilisation." The Nazis, and no others, the speakers said, had made division in the Saar, such division as perhaps to bring the partition of the territory. But the Christian Party would vote for the maintenance of the *status quo* now, so that the whole Saar should later return to a free Germany. At the end the meeting sang the third verse of the *Deutschlandlied*, which speaks of Unity and Right and Freedom. "That *was* good, wasn't it?" said an old peasant near me, with a deep sigh of relief. Outside were mounted police, and foreign police officials in khaki uniforms and red-banded caps, to prevent clashes. "There's one of our Englishmen," one heard these people say with warmth. But all those two thousand people risked their safety and their livelihood in the future when the Nazi black lists may be in operation.

The biggest laugh at the Johannishof came when the Reichstag fire was mentioned. It seemed almost strange that people could laugh, for "What will our Reichstag Fire be?" is an anxious question. The Nazis are running the corruption charge for all they are worth. They also send round wild rumours of an imminent Communist *Putsch*, for some of the Nazis will scheme till the British-Italian forces arrive to get French soldiers into the territory. Just now, however, the Communists have the laugh on their side, for on November 30th they deliberately arranged, through a spy, for some German Gestapo people to raid their offices. The invaders found unexpected guards, and those who did not escape across the frontier were later arrested. The Reich-Commissar for the Saar denies all Gestapo activities in the territory, but too many people know of them for the denial to be wise. Thus the *Einheitsfront* is cheerful, though their people still suffer severely from the Nazi sympathies of the Saarland police. When Mr. Hemsley is about the police behave correctly, one hears, but the moment his back is turned it is the old story.

Meanwhile, the Plebiscite Tribunal is going through the last appeals before the final lists of voters can be published. The preparation of the lists has been a tremendous business, for 107,145 complaints had to be considered. Actually it has been decided to accept 7,217 of the objections raised, but the names of 18,540 people who had, it seems, been forgotten at the first compilation, have been added to the lists, so that about 540,000 will be entitled to vote. There is a good deal of bitter feeling, especially on the Left, against the Plebiscite Commission, and its *Kreisinspektoren*—"five gentlemen who do not understand the working people," it is said. Especially in the district of Neunkirchen the *status quo* people complain of injustice; here it seems 846 *Saargängers'* names are on the list (workers who have their homes in Germany, but spend the inside of the week in the Saar), as are also the names of eleven dead men, while the owners of forty of the names are undiscoverable. The German Front has been thrusting posters into people's windows, but the Plebiscite Commission has forbidden this. It has also arranged that the votes will be counted in Saarbrücken, but burnt immediately afterwards, so that elaborate Nazi rumours that people will be betrayed by their finger prints are easily denied, though perhaps as easily believed. Over 800 *bureaux de vote* are being set up with foreign presidents and one German Front and one *status quo* representative.

The Riddle of the Saar is as hard as the riddle of the Sphinx; no one can tell what will happen. I am sure a man who told me that Röchling's hands would all vote *status quo*, while the employees of the foreign Burbach concern would vote German, was roughly speaking right. There is a feeling that the *status quo* people are less, and the Nazis more, anxious since Geneva last week. The division of the territory provides little consolation. If a large minority votes for the *status quo*, the voters cannot be given to France, so that a League of Nations State much smaller than the existing territory would have to be created. Germany has not conceded a right to opt; her latest guarantees, in the case of the Saar going back to her, only cover one year, and no one has confidence in their being kept unless adequate sanctions can be devised.

A LONDON DIARY

WATCHING the Left Wing Theatre's admirable production of *Peace on Earth* at the Phoenix Theatre on Sunday night, it was borne in on me more than ever that the central problem of politics is how to reach the unconverted. You can fill any hall with people of any persuasion, but how to get the ear of the majority of people who are of no persuasion? Here is the best anti-war play that has appeared in London for many years. It is deliberately propagandist, but it is also fairly presented and sufficiently restrained not to defeat its own intention as propagandist art so often does. The scene is in an American university and the hero (beautifully acted by Denis Arundel, the musician, whom most people know from the B.B.C.) is a university professor who begins by standing for free speech and who finds himself gradually dragged into support of a dockers' strike against loading munitions. The tempo of the play intensifies scene by scene, just as such a political situation does intensify. In the difficult last act the producer, Barbara Nixon, has succeeded particularly well in giving a picture of American public opinion lining up for war and discovering for itself reasons why, in such a moment of crisis, it is better that an innocent man should hang than that national unity should be impaired. A well-known progressive don, whom I talked to in an interval, complained that it was a most disturbing play, that it made you realise where your pacifism might lead you even in this country. Perhaps this was the kind of thing that you might really have to do in order to prevent war. You might, in effect, really have to throw in your lot with Left-wing workers—a most troublesome thought. I am told that some fifty thousand people have replied to the Rev. Dick Sheppard's appeal to men to refuse to fight. I believe most of them would go to this play if they got the chance, and that the result would be to make them think more realistically about the steps they ought to take in order to make their resolution effective. There are thousands of others, far less converted, who would find this play exciting. But how are we to reach them? I believe myself that this play is so well done that it would have at least a short run in the West End, in spite of or because of its subject matter. But is there a theatre manager enterprising enough to try the experiment?

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The same problem confronted me in a very different way when I started to read *British Imperialism in India* by Joan Beauchamp (Martin Lawrence, 5*s*.). No one ought to be allowed to talk about India unless he has read this book or the official documents on which it is based. It is a careful piece of research which first tells the story of the development of British capitalism in India, which then gives an account drawn from authoritative sources of the conditions of the peasants and workers in India, and which ends with very militant conclusions. Endless argument is possible about the conclusions; very little, I think, about the facts—facts about women miners with 4*d*. a day, about destitution, disease, illiteracy, and about the far worse than mediaeval rule of some of the princes which the British Government support. It is these facts that ought to be in the minds of every politician who discusses the new Indian constitution. The constitution is only important in so far as it will make it easier or more difficult to tackle the problem of Indian poverty. But again, the problem is how to reach the unconverted. I am afraid that the startling dust-cover which displays a list of the evils discussed in the book will be enough to put off just the kind of people who ought to read it.

* * *

In Russian circles abroad many rumours are circulating as to what lies behind the assassination of Kirov and the recrudescence of shooting that has followed it. Kirov, a man of great ability without excessive personal ambition, who has been content to remain in the background of power through the whole period since the Revolution, was Stalin's chief personal friend and supporter. It is said that in recent months

he has been encouraging Stalin in the view that Russia has now reached a phase when terrorist methods can be safely dispensed with, and in the policy of diminishing the power of the Ogpu. This change of direction has not been accepted without question within the Politbureau, especially by Agranov, the Commissar for the Interior; and it has, of course, been fiercely contested by the leaders of the Ogpu itself. In particular Kirov had found himself in a position of strong opposition to Yagoda, the head of the Ogpu in Leningrad. The suggestion is, therefore, that the assassination of Kirov is an episode in this vital struggle within the party, and that Stalin, deeply moved by the death of his best-loved colleague, has reasserted himself with the assistance of Voroshilov and the Red Army. The recent shootings are said to have included many Leningrad Tchekists, and Yagoda has been dismissed from office. If this reading of events is correct, the *dénouement* is far from meaning a return to the lately discarded methods of the Red Terror, but rather a turning of the tables on the terrorists themselves. Two things must be taken into account before accepting this interpretation. The first is the official Soviet statement that the people who have been shot were all foreign terrorists working for a foreign Government—which in view of the number of terrorists let loose by Fascism in Europe is not at all impossible. The official number of shootings is about sixty. The second doubt arises from the fact that this story that Ogpu members have been shot is also part of the fantastic account given by the *Daily Express* correspondent in Warsaw, and Warsaw is an even less reliable source of Russian news than Riga.

* * *

The Nobel Prize is not given for success but for stalwart work for peace, and by that test both Mr. Henderson and Sir Norman Angell are as well qualified as anyone living to receive it. It is not their fault if in the present condition of the world the award looks rather like a consolation prize. I have a high opinion of Mr. Henderson; it would be even higher, however, if when it became obvious that the Powers did not intend serious disarmament he had boldly ended the Conference and undiplomatically told the truth to the world. The full story of the Disarmament Conference would have done immeasurable good. As for Sir Norman, few men have been so misrepresented. The worst effect of this misrepresentation is that he has had even in recent years to spend so much time explaining his original thesis that his mind, which is a singularly honest and clear one, has not moved as much as it might have done from his pre-war position. I believe that if Sir Norman had started anew on the peace question after the war, the facts would have led him to the position reached by Mr. Brailsford in *Property and Peace*. As it is he continues to explain the *Great Illusion*, which is still the best analysis of half and only half the truth.

* * *

Talking of autocrats, a friend who has recently been in Canada tells me a story that sums up a very common view of Mr. Bennett. A Canadian was showing an English visitor the sights of Ottawa. "Who's that odd-looking fellow who is walking round the Parliament buildings mumbling to himself?" asked the Englishman. "Oh, that's the Prime Minister holding a Cabinet meeting," said the Canadian.

* * *

I take the following from the *Manchester Guardian*:

> A proposal to dress a fox in shirt and pants made in a local hosiery factory and to release it in Loughborough (Leicestershire) market place when the Quorn Hunt holds its annual meet there on Boxing Day has been abandoned through the intervention of Sir Harold Nutting, Master of the Quorn.

I am glad that Sir Harold took so proper a view. He declared, quite rightly, that the suggestion was "revolting and ridiculous," and that if anything of the sort was done the Quorn would never meet in Loughborough again. The proprieties of hunting must be preserved. Foxes may only be killed in their natural fur and according to ritual. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. Herbert Chorley.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, speaking at Swindon yesterday on motherhood mortality, said: "To bring the question of motherhood into the arena of politics is violating its sanctitude and does a great deal of harm."—*Daily Express.*

Domum has six verses and a refrain, all in Latin; and it is sung not only at the school at the end of term, but also by Winchester men all over the world on every possible occasion.—Letter in *Times.*

I am now counting accurately the number of words in the Authorised Version and enclose the figures so far as I have gone.—Letter to the *Sunday Dispatch* in answer to the query "Do you read the Bible?"

Exclusive London fashion photographer requires spare-time services of lean distinguished gentleman.—Advt. in *Times.*

Sentence of 60 days' imprisonment with hard labour was imposed at Glasgow Sheriff Court yesterday on David Hamill, who pleaded guilty to poaching on the land of Crow Wood, Castlemilk estate, Carmunnock. . . . Hamill, who admitted a previous conviction, said he was unemployed. He had a wife and seven children dependent upon him, and he went out to get a rabbit or two for the children's dinner.—*Scotsman.*

The dull, dreary, dismal doctrine of the Socialist has received its death blow—killed—by the love-light shining in the eyes of our Prince for his beloved.—Lady Houston in *Saturday Review.*

Patron of vacant living in East Anglia invites recommendations. Net value about £530; large rectory and grounds. Primary qualification, capacity to be guide, philosopher, and friend to agricultural people, for which in this case gentle birth essential. Open mind towards Bishop Barnes, birth control, and psychic research secondary but helpful.—Advt. in *Times.*

At the Breaston Parish Council meeting Mr. A. W. Perks stated that the graves in the churchyard were so closely placed together that it was a case of walking over them. He had every respect for the dead, but was it not time the churchyard was closed and burials stopped? . . . The Chairman: There are a number of houses near, and until such time we get complaints that the water was contaminated I see no reason why we should close it.—*Evening News* (Nottingham).

"That reminds me," she said, "of a letter I had the other day from a girl who was trained in my kennels. She is now married and has had a baby. She declared that she did not want a nurse for her child, because her training in the care of small dogs had taught her all that was necessary for motherhood."—*Evening Standard.*

If letters need replying to that night, by the time they are written, as a rule, the maids have gone up to bed, and there is no one to post the letters.—Letter in *Sunday Times.*

INDIFFERENCE

I WAS taking tea in the rooms of a fine scholar at King's College, Cambridge, a few years ago, the week before the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match, when, in order to bring the conversation—or the lack of it—a little nearer my own intellectual level, I asked a brilliant novelist who was present: "Are you going to the match next Tuesday?" He looked as sincerely puzzled as if I had addressed him in Gaelic. "What match?" he asked gently. I explained to him that a very serious football match was to take place in the following week—a match in which the fate of his beloved University would be involved, or at least seem to be involved for about an hour and a half. "Honestly," he said, with a look of

suspicion, "I hadn't heard about it. Had you?" he asked, turning to our host. Our host declared that the news came as a complete surprise to him also. Another scholar who was present, on being questioned on the matter, admitted that he had gathered in the course of a recent conversation that some important match was going to be played somewhere, but he did not know that it was to be against Oxford, or that it was a Rugby match, or that it was to be played at Twickenham, or that it was to take place on Tuesday.

It amazed me to find that men who were learned in every detail of the struggles between Athens and Sparta, between Rome and Carthage, could be indifferent to a struggle almost at their own doors—a struggle, too, in which the prizes were not the sordid gains of political warfare, but the magnificently empty honours of sport. All present were pacifists, yet bloody battles fascinated their intellects far more than the bloodless battles of the football field—the battles, so to speak, of the future. Such indifference to an exciting phase of contemporary life shocked me. I could have understood a stockbroker being indifferent to the result of a great football match, but a University man, a fine mind trained in the humanities—that was a very different affair. I left Cambridge a little saddened over the prospects of the human race.

And yet, I reflected, as I sat in the London-bound train, each of us must be indifferent to something. Each of us must have a talent for indifference if we are to have power to concentrate on the things that we were sent into the world to do. The missionary to the heathen, for example, must cultivate a fine indifference to that fine thing money. He cannot convert cannibals very efficiently if his mind is continually preoccupied with the rise and fall of greyhound racing track shares. He is unlikely again to put his whole heart into his work if he cares as much as M. Boulestin about sauces and the perfect way of cooking trout. As regards the world and half its pleasures, indeed, he must live in the spirit of Horace's *Nil admirari*. The philosopher, too, cannot afford not to be indifferent to many of the things we ordinary mortals prize. Even if he shares our appetites, he must indulge in them, as Socrates indulged in drinking, in a mood of fundamental indifference. He cares no more for half our pleasures than a highbrow cares for a sentimental love-story in a woman's paper.

I do not suggest that indifference is always, or even as a rule, a virtue, but it is our indifference that limits and so helps to create our personality. *Nihil humanum* and so forth, said the Latin dramatist, or one of his characters in a play that I never read. It is a saying of which I doubt the wisdom. Much that is human must be alien to—or from—us, if we are to get through the day's work. Savonarola would never have become immortally famous if he had not been indifferent to beautiful ornaments. Garibaldi would never have liberated Italy if he had not been indifferent to comfort, safety, and even the pleasure of being alive. All the great men of history have been indifferent to much that their fellow-human-beings treasured. *Nihil humanum*—is there a single man of genius from Diogenes to Mr. Bernard Shaw who could have honestly taken that text for his motto?

In any case, there is no escape from indifference. Nature implanted our indifferences in us before we were born. Consider how many people one knows who are born indifferent to music. It seems almost incredible to anyone who loves Mozart that people—quite likeable people—should exist to whom the songs of Mozart give no more pleasure than the noise of a buzzer or the harsh cry of a jay. Yet experience tells us that indifference to music is a fairly common characteristic of the great and the good. Dr. Johnson had no love for music, and who would have had him otherwise? Should we have liked Dr. Johnson better if he had been a confirmed concert-goer? Do we not like him almost as much because of the things to which he was indifferent or hostile as because of the things he loved? Even poets have been known to be indifferent to all music but the music of words. Tennyson and William Morris had no ear, and it is said that Mr. W. B. Yeats could not tell the difference between the National Anthem of Great Britain and that of the Irish Free State.

It is difficult to be sure whether some people are born indifferent to poetry as others are born indifferent to music. In idealistic moments we are tempted to think that all men are born with the capacity for enjoying poetry, but that most of them gradually grow out of it. In ordinary life, however, indifference to poetry is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the human race. Scarcely anybody denies that great poetry is the greatest achievement of the human mind, and scarcely anybody reads it. Will the importance of poetry be one day questioned as the importance of religion is widely questioned to-day? Or will poetry continue to be held in honour as the proper business of men of talent with private means?

In youth, we are impatient of those who are indifferent to our own tastes. As a boy, I could scarcely help feeling hostile to anyone who was indifferent to the things about which I was enthusiastic in politics and literature. I could lose my temper easily in an argument about Stevenson and Kipling. Even my favourite seaside resort was a sacred place, and those who cared nothing for it I regarded as, at best, fools. Many food-lovers, I believe, continue throughout life to feel a similar abhorrence of those who are indifferent to food. The gourmet who, having prepared a perfect meal for his guest, finds that the man is suffering from indigestion and is unable to touch his choicest dishes, seethes inwardly with hatred. I have met a host of this kind. Before the third course arrived, he asked me: "Do you like duck?" Seeing how the land lay I pretended to a somewhat exaggerated passion for duck. "I'm glad to hear it," he said, and added in a tone of profound sincerity: "I hate a man that doesn't love duck." Music I might have been indifferent to, or poetry, or the World State, or even the flowers in his beautiful garden, and he would have forgiven me. But I had to be careful about duck.

I myself have lost most of my resentment at other people's indifference. I have friends who are indifferent to birds, others who are indifferent to the sea, others who are indifferent to the country in which they were born and who take no more interest in it than in any other country. I know likeable men who are indifferent to cats, and others who are indifferent to everything sold in a bottle except medicine. How lovable Arnold Bennett was, and yet he was indifferent to Dickens! The truth is, there is not enough room in life to like everything, if we are to like anything very much. I have done my best to limit my interests by cultivating an indifference to archaeology, mountain scenery, and ice hockey.

And so it may be that those King's men were wise in their apathetic attitude to Rugby football. The football grounds on great occasions are crowded enough already without the addition of new converts. Yet I think even the King's men would have lost some of their indifference if they had been at Twickenham on Tuesday to see Cambridge running through and over an Oxford team that was almost their equal. To see Woollen kicking that drop-goal with a leg a mile long from the middle of the field was to behold a marvel. The Cambridge forward rushes, too, broken time and again by Oxford players who, heedless of the furious feet of oncoming giants, flung themselves on the ball, were the achievement of men inspired to something above the common level of physical skill and courage. And that last half, in which the Cambridge backs, having found a breach in the Oxford defence swung the game towards it, and time after time by the perfect use of body and brain in running and passing the ball, sent their man through the breach to score yet another try, was sport that Pindar would not have disdained to celebrate.

And yet, who knows? Plato, if he had been alive might not have gone out of his way to see the match. Rugby, after all, is only a game, though it was difficult at some moments to feel that at Twickenham on Tuesday. Y. Y.

THE PROBLEM OF STERILISATION

THE various theories held to-day concerning the future of the race, and what we ought to do about it, furnish a puzzling spectacle. We find champions not only of different but of opposite opinions. They differ not only about what we should do, but quite as violently about what is actually happening. The matter is further complicated by prudery. We are not always free to speak simply and plainly on the subject. When I have attempted to approach it: "That would be too strong for some of our readers" has been an editor's decision. It may only be a small minority of old-fashioned readers at the rear, but in the movements of a newspaper it is sometimes the tail that wags the dog.

Certainly it is now perfectly correct to discuss the population question. It may safely and with propriety be done in any newspaper. There is even a recognition that no subject is more important, since it is bound up with the fate of nations and the future of mankind. But the world's future population is mainly resolvable in the last analysis to the actions of the individual. What is he to do about it? To ask that question is usually to face a blank wall. Yet it is only beyond that wall, at night, in the intimate recesses of the home, that the future population of the world is decided.

There we are at once brought to the central question of birth control. Contraception may fairly so be regarded. True that its effect, though not its extent, is often overrated, and that it is by no means the sole key to the population problem. Yet, while denying the all-sufficiency of the methods of birth control, there are good grounds for considering its existence a central fact of modern life. It really represents a landmark, if not a turning point, in human history. Certainly from the first, and before history begins, Man has more or less unconsciously exercised a control over population—as by periods of sexual abstinence or by the infanticide of unwanted or defective offspring—but no control of population was definitely recognised. Children were "sent by God," the part played by parents being ignored, as it is still said to be by some savage tribes to-day, and if pestilences and wars and famines carried them off, that also was by Divine visitation, and probably as a punishment for human iniquities.

To-day, for the first time, we recognise both the direct and the indirect influences that increase and diminish population, on the one hand by deliberate control of procreation, and on the other hand by undesigned factors of physiological, economic, or social nature. The courageous pioneers of birth control have done more than start chains of birth-control clinics in all directions. They have made the subject of population for the first time a really living study with dynamic possibilities.

This is not the place to discuss the difficult and complex question of contraceptive technique or to explain the reasons which render it so often unreliable. I am only concerned with the general consideration of one method which, while it is the most disputed, is also the most reliable, and that because it is, according to our present knowledge, final and usually irrevocable: I mean sterilisation.

It is now well known that modern sterilisation is not to be confused with ancient castration. It involves no removal of a useful member or a valuable gland; it leaves the possibilities of sexual pleasure and sexual power unimpaired as well as the action of internal secretions; in the male it simply involves section of the tube through which the semen passes. Vasectomy, as it is termed, is thus a very minor operation, though the corresponding operation in the female is rather more serious. When there are sufficient children in the family, when the wife's failing health renders it undesirable to have more children, or when it is undesirable ever to have any children at all, this is the best and safest method of contraception.

It is now nearly thirty years since I clearly realised the advantages and the practicality of this step. A professional man in the Middle West of the United States, though of Puritan New England ancestry, wrote to tell me of his experiences, which I recorded in 1910 in my book *Sex in Relation to Society*. He was thirty years of age, married, and with several children. It was undesirable to have more. He resolved to avoid what seemed the troublesome and uncertain methods of birth control and to submit to vasectomy. The operation proved simple and not even interfering for a day with office work, and the results were entirely satisfactory both to himself and his wife. "If I shed even the faintest ray of light on this greatest of human problems," he wrote to me shortly after, "I shall be glad indeed." This year, thirty years later, he writes of his experience: "The results have been most happy, lasting, and altogether satisfactory. Age sixty finds me vigorous, with every zest in life entirely unabated. My children are all parents, and proud and happy in that fact, though each of them knew, before marriage, of the step I had taken." He feels that a responsibility rests upon him "to share with my fellow-men the priceless knowledge gleaned by personal experience."

It may be of interest to bring forward another example, this time from England. It is that of a man who at the time of the operation was approaching the age of thirty, of long-lived stock, ancestry healthy save for nervous instability on one side, and himself fairly healthy though with a neurasthenic tendency which he is able to control. His wife is also fairly healthy, though not robust. They had two children, a boy and a girl, and though much devoted to children the wife felt that two absorbed all her energies. So after the matter had been fully discussed, she agreed to her husband's proposal to be sterilised. His motives were that he thought it improbable that his income would ever increase sufficiently to enable him to bring up more children, and that, being deeply interested in eugenic problems, he felt that his stock was not of sufficiently high quality to claim any larger place in the future world; he also hoped that he might acquire some of the rejuvenating effects sometimes attributed to vasectomy and so make up for decreased procreative activity by increased intellectual work for the world.

The operation was performed in a London nursing home, and involved four or five days in bed; there were no unpleasant after-effects. To-day, nine years later, he can review his experiences with an entire satisfaction which his wife fully shares. It is true that he has not derived that increased mental vigour which Steinach's experiments seemed to promise. But sexual reactions have remained quite unaltered save for the better, since the total absence of apprehension of undesired pregnancy, together with freedom from the bother of tiresome contraceptives, has promoted a spontaneity in sex union which, together with knowledge gained through reading and practice in the art of love, has made for increased marital harmony. "I have proved," he asserts, "that sterilisation is a perfectly practicable and unobjectionable method of birth control."

These cases are those of pioneers, at all events that in the United States, but yet they are typical and they well illustrate how foolish are the objections so often brought against sterilisation, such as the notion that it is an excuse for lazy persons to avoid parenthood, or that it is a mutilation, or that it may interfere with harmonious marital relationships.

In reality we have here the most desirable as well as the most certain of all contraceptives. At the present day all other contraceptives are in one way or another objectionable, and always uncertain. They are inevitable since it is not always advisable for pregnancy to follow immediately on marriage and it is always desirable for the children to be spaced out. Apart from that, it is possible that we are approaching a period when other methods will, for the most part, be thrown aside in order to rely entirely on sterilisation. This is to say that whenever it is no longer desirable to increase the family, and whenever the state of health of one of the parties or bad heredity renders it absolutely imperative that there should be no children, sterilisation is clearly demanded. The alternative is a life-long resort to troublesome, difficult,

and often expensive methods of contraception which are never really reliable, and may incidentally lead to friction and conjugal discontent on one side or the other. It was all very well, fifty years ago, to advocate these methods, and we honour the pioneers who here played a courageous part. Moreover, there will always remain a minor place for such methods in the spacing of children. But anyone to-day who, realising Man's painful struggle to attain a due control of Nature, fails to regard sterilisation as the supreme contraceptive may fairly be regarded as an enemy of society. The only apology possible lies in the excuse brought forward in another connection by Dr. Johnson: "Sheer ignorance." HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE DEATH OF ERICH MÜHSAM

Concentration camps could not be sanatoriums; they must have a strong deterrent effect. But when they were described as torture chambers, that was malicious invention by the enemies of the State. General Göring, reported in *Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 12th, 1934.

[In view of this statement by General Göring we print below a translation of part of an article by Kurt Hiller, which recently appeared in *Weltbühne*. Dr. Hiller, of Berlin University and Doctor of Law at Heidelberg, was among the best-known German socialist and pacifist writers. He relates that he had always been an opponent of Mühsam who was a theoretical anarchist and that he only changed his mind about him when, as a fellow prisoner, he saw his courageous and patient bearing under constant beatings and other ill-treatment in Brandenburg. Mühsam was a middle-aged man, deaf and in very bad health. On February 2nd Mühsam and Hiller were moved with some hundred others to the concentration camp at Oranienburg where Mühsam was at first treated better than in Brandenburg. He was no longer beaten, was allowed to see visitors and was employed in sanitary work, potato-peeling and the like. On April 28th Kurt Hiller was discharged and later escaped to Czecho-Slovakia. On July 12th the Berlin newspapers stated that Mühsam had hanged himself. For our comment at the time see *N.S. & N.*, July 21st.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

On July 12th, Berlin newspapers published the news that Mühsam had hanged himself in the concentration camp. It was obvious to me as soon as I read this that it could not be true. For these general reasons amongst others: his temperament was against suicide; he had suffered much in the last ten years and had got over it (for instance, seven years *festung* in Bavaria under Kahr); the terrible ill-treatment he had suffered at Brandenburg had not broken him, much less could the easier atmosphere of Oranienburg cause such a decision, for which there was no basis in his nature.

My convictions were confirmed by communications that I received soon afterwards, communications from two different and quite independent sources, both from reliable persons whose evidence is irreproachable.

What happened is as follows. During the night of June 30th the ordinary police arrived with machine-guns and the S.A. camp leaders of Oranienburg were disarmed without offering any resistance. Some S.A. men were arrested, the majority of them sent home; some, about five, remained and among them Stahlkopf and "Himmelstoss" (a grim, emaciated, choleric, but at heart rather harmless fellow). Shortly afterwards men of the S.S. bodyguard of Adolf Hitler took over the command. These were soon replaced by S.S. men from south Germany, especially Wurttemberg; three or four of them came from Dachau, the Bavarian concentration camp, and amongst them brigade leader Eicke, who was now given command of Oranienburg.

On Monday, July 9th, Mühsam was called before the new commandant of the camp. White as chalk and trembling, he went back to his fellow prisoners in the common room. Eicke had told him quite quietly that he must hang himself within forty-eight hours, otherwise "something would happen." Some of his fellow prisoners tried to calm him, interpreting the order as one of the usual brutal jokes. Some took it seriously because Mühsam, quite accustomed to cynicism, took it seriously himself. One suggested that he should run through the room shouting, "They are going to murder me!" For, if some hundred prisoners heard this, the Nazis might indeed torture him cruelly but would not dare to murder him. Unfortunately, Mühsam could not make up his mind to follow this advice. Some hours later, Eicke (or, according to another version, his assistant, storm troop leader Eckardt) told him they would not wait any longer; it must be done that same evening. Mühsam was ordered to appear in the commandant's room bringing the uniform of an S.S. man which he had been told to clean and also a rope; he was to come after 9 p.m., that is to say, at a time when the other prisoners would already be asleep. Mühsam cleaned the coat and, as ordered, brought some kind of rope, a clothes-line, it may be—this is what I find so utterly incredible—from the leader of the sixth company, which means, from a fellow prisoner. He then said goodbye to the others and went into the office building, which was next to the dormitory. He never came back; the next morning, Tuesday, July 10th, his palliasse was unoccupied. Shortly after Mühsam had gone on the Monday evening, Himmelstoss had inspected the company as usual; when he asked whether all were present, he got the reply, "All except Mühsam," and answered, "I know that; he is on fatigue." In the morning at reveille Himmelstoss significantly inquired for Mühsam. They told him he had not come back and Himmelstoss replied, "Oh, then we'll look for him." Taking some prisoners with him, he set off straight across the yard to the latrine. There Erich Mühsam was hanging, dead and yellow, with his neck tied to a beam, his body along the wooden partition. Himmelstoss pretended to be surprised. Not much later, all the prisoners were forbidden to go to the latrine. In the meantime, however, one of the prisoners, who happened to have an expert knowledge of knotting, had established the fact that the rope was tied with such skill that nobody could dream of believing that Mühsam, notoriously clumsy with his hands, could have tied it. The knot must have been the work of an expert. Moreover, the space between the beam and the head was so narrow that no living man could have forced his head in between. Further, the dust of the partition along which the corpse was hanging proved to have no marks on it. The tongue was not hanging out of the mouth and the fists were clenched. Besides, prisoners of the sixth company who in their apprehension for Mühsam had been unable to sleep, had observed, too, that during the night the lights out in the yard were twice switched off and then on again.

The prisoners without any exception were quite clear that Erich Mühsam had been murdered in the commandant's room and that the corpse had been hung up in the latrine in order to give the appearance of suicide. Even the deposed S.A. men, still on transitional duty, had not the slightest doubt about it. That was clearly to be inferred from remarks that they made. Herr Stahlkopf, having a relatively clear conscience with regard to the murder itself, was all the more haunted by a general sense of guilt in connection with Mühsam. This drove him to clear himself by explanations whose definiteness left nothing to be desired. It appears that Himmelstoss had neither instigated the murder nor had knowledge of it, but had found the corpse on his rounds early in the morning and wished by this "search" to create an alibi for himself—a very clumsy one, it is true. The turning out of the lights in the yard marked the minutes during which the victim had been carried across the yard and the return of the murderers. As to the way in which the murder was committed, it is at present only possible to conjecture. The prevailing opinion in the camp was that Mühsam, on coming into the commandant's room, which had to be entered by crossing an ante-room unused at these hours, had at once been pounced upon by at least two men and strangled by a third (presumably not by the rope which he had had to bring with him but in some other way). . . . KURT HILLER.

Correspondence

THE HUNGRY CHILD

SIR,—Your article on "The Hungry Child" in last week's issue deals forcibly with the Board of Education's latest policy as to meals and milk for schoolchildren, namely, that no free supply should be given to any child, even from the poorest home, unless a medical examination had shown that the child was actually suffering from subnormal nutrition. You also quote what you rightly describe as Sir George Newman's "half-hearted" defence of this policy: "The provision of school meals was never meant to be a mere form of poor relief." If this means anything, it means that, unless there is actual evidence of malnutrition in the particular child concerned, the business of relieving the poverty of the family must be left to the Public Assistance Authority. But it is unfortunately true that, when a family is on or below the poverty line, there is no assurance that an increase of outdoor

relief will be spent on improving the dietary of the children; the needs of such a household in a multitude of other directions are too insistent. Even if the Public Assistance Authority should grant its relief in the form of milk intended for the children, it is likely enough that the milk will go into the family milk jug for use at tea time or into the family pudding. In these cases of necessity (which are the only ones now under consideration), the only method of ensuring that additional help goes to the children is to give the children the meals or milk at school, and this is what the Board say cannot be done except when what might be termed the stage of semi-starvation has been reached.

The practice of the Board in the past has been to rely upon the discretion of the teachers and local authorities to select for meals and milk children whose parents are unable to pay; the new practice will be the cause of delay, inconvenience and expense, and must deprive some children of the sustenance which, if given in time, might save them from developing later the ugly signs of subnormal nutrition. It is a question whether the Board are not going beyond their powers, and the matter ought not to be allowed to rest where it is. CLARA D. RACKHAM

Cambridge.

LIBERTY AND THE LEFT WING PARTIES

SIR,—It would be indeed a fallacy to compare English and Spanish politics. As you accuse me of ignorance on this matter, you will permit me to remind you that I made no such comparison.

My purpose in writing to you was to call attention, (1) to the persistent advocacy by leading political writers of the Left of undemocratic methods, two such pieces of special pleading having been printed in your columns without the accompaniment of an editorial comment in the rather hectoring vein which you reserve for advocates of liberty; (2) to the silence of the liberal press on abuses of civil and religious liberty in Russia; and (3) the absence of condemnation in the liberal press of the revolution against the parliamentary government of Spain. My case, in other words, rested not on events in Spain, but on the attitude of liberal and socialist circles in England to those events and to other anti-democratic tendencies in other countries.

Your belated admission that the Spanish revolt was misguided and foolish is rendered worthless by the suggestion that a situation had arisen "when moral considerations became irrelevant." On my other submissions you are, whether skilfully or ignorantly I cannot say, quite silent. My case rests on the firm conviction that moral considerations are never irrelevant in politics and that principles must be maintained even when their results are painful.

6, Great New Street, E.C.4. DOUGLAS JERROLD

[We are pleased indeed to have drawn from Mr. Jerrold so explicit a statement of his belief in liberty. We share his view that it is a principle which should be respected "even if the results are painful." We had not gathered from other utterances of his on the subject that his faith was so robust. His point (3), however, contradicts his first paragraph and supports our comments last week. For if, as we suggested, and as Mr. Jerrold now admits, conditions in Spain and England are not comparable, why were liberal papers necessarily anti-democratic in not condemning Spanish revolutionaries? It has always been part of the British liberal creed to support revolutionaries struggling for freedom in countries where democracy was threatened or did not yet exist, and indeed British liberties are the result of two revolutions in the 17th century. Mr. Jerrold seems indeed to talk as if democratic principles applied everywhere irrespective of conditions and of the stage of development reached in the country concerned—which is an obvious absurdity.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SHAW AND WELLS

SIR,—Mr. Shaw is, of course, always right, but what astonishes an old Liberal (if one of that despised tribe may be permitted to butt in on this debate) is his satisfaction at the teachability of his Russian friends.

"What they did not learn from reading the Webbs," he tells us, "they learnt from bitter experience."

This "bitter experience" has been the vicarious suffering and death from starvation and persecution of a great multitude of their fellow citizens.

Is it wrong to say that no human being has the right to educate himself by experiments at this cost on human flesh and blood?

I put the question to a leading opponent of vivisection.

Well Hill House, J. A. SPENDER

Chelsfield, Farnborough, Kent.

HITLER'S DEMOCRACY

SIR,—In his letter in your issue of December 8th, Mr. Douglas Jerrold incidentally refers to "Herr Hitler's advent to power on a free vote." It is notorious that Hitler did not come into power by a free vote. The Nazi vote in 1932 was actually on the decline. In spite of that fact Hindenburg, who had been elected President by Social Democratic votes to keep Hitler out, in January, 1933, sent for him and made him Chancellor. Then followed the reign of terror, the well-staged Reichstag fire, and the *unfree* votes which were subsequently used to ratify the accomplished fact of dictatorship. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

13 Laurel Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20.

ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY

SIR,—With much play about receiving a present from Mr. Yeats, Miss Edith Sitwell denies that she ever read the review of Ezra Pound's *Cantos* which I contributed to *New Verse* in October, 1933. That she and I both used the same quotation from Mr. Yeats was not the only parallel. Consider these two extracts:

(1) Describing Helen, for example, in Canto II, Mr. Pound says that she

has the face of a God
And the voice of Schœney's daughters.

Schoeney is Schoenus, father of Atalanta, a fact which five seconds with Lempriere will discover. But why Schoeney? The answer is that Golding, in his translation of the 8th book of the Metamorphoses, describes

Atalant, a goodly Ladie one
of Schœnyes daughters

and that Mr. Pound intends another cultural link. It is true that he quotes the passage in *Pavannes and Divisions*, but not every reader will have read *Pavannes and Divisions* or Golding's translation, and there is no reason why he should have done.

(2) Those readers who are acquainted with Golding's translation of the eighth book of the Metamorphoses, or who have read Mr. Pound's *Pavannes and Divisions*, will recognise the otherwise mysterious "Schoeney" in Canto II: Helen, the unnamed menace, is spoken of as having the voice of Schoeney's daughters:

. . . . And has the face of a god
And the voice of Schoeney's daughters . . . .

Schoeney is Schoenus, the father of Atalanta, and in Golding's translation of the eighth book of the Metamorphoses we find the lines:

Atlant a goodly Ladie one
Of Schoeneyes daughters. . . .

The first is extracted from *New Verse* No. 5, October, 1933, p. 20, *the review which Miss Sitwell has not read;* the second from Miss Sitwell's *Aspects of Modern Poetry* (1934, pp. 200, 201). Should her book be renamed, perhaps, "Fantasia of the Unconscious"? GEOFFREY GRIGSON

4A Keats Grove, N.W.3.

P.S.—Why did Miss Sitwell mention *Pavannes and Divisions*, and forget to mention the reason for mentioning it, i.e. that the lines from Golding are quoted in that book by Mr. Pound?

SIR,—In recent numbers you published a review of, and several letters criticising, Miss Edith Sitwell's *Aspects of Modern Poetry*. This book contains a devastating attack upon the critical work of Dr. F. R. Leavis of Cambridge, and of a number of those who think and write more or less as he does. It is but natural that admirers of the Doctor should feel resentful when they read it, and something of that natural resentment is apparent in the correspondence referred to.

Much, if not most, of the review consisted of parallels between Dr. Leavis's and Miss Sitwell's criticisms of Mr. Yeats, and the letters contained a number of parallels between their respective expositions of the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Ezra Pound. The impression conveyed—no doubt unintentionally—by the letters, and, in a large measure, by the review, was that Miss Sitwell simply stole her ideas from the Doctor with one hand and struck at him with the other. Is there not in this charge something of the disingenuousness which it imputes to its object? The answer to it is twofold: first, the fact that Miss Sitwell quotes the same passages from Yeats as does the Doctor, and that their expositions of, e.g., *The Waste Land* follow very closely the same line, does not prove in her any intellectual dependence upon him. Careful study of the "parallel" passages in question will show clearly the truth of this assertion.

Secondly, even if, for argument's sake, it is admitted that Miss Sitwell actually copied the Doctor at certain points in the matter

of pure exegesis, the admission has no relevance whatever to the real point of her book. Miss Sitwell (while calling attention in more places than one to his intellectual ability) declares that Dr. Leavis is a humourless, unpoetical prig. Her book is largely devoted to contrasting his view of poetry with her own, and no two views could well be more radically opposed; the Doctor thinks of poetry as a sort of moral hygiene, Miss Sitwell sees it rather as a means of creating beauty in language.

Her book challenges a decision on the comparative merits of these views, the first of which, Miss Sitwell alleges, is widely held to-day. The letters and the review published by you do not assist in the formation of a fair judgment in this matter; on the contrary, they obscure the issue in a way which must be exceedingly gratifying to Dr. Leavis and his admirers. And even those who do not go all the way with Miss Sitwell in her views of "texture" will deplore the shelving of the issue which she so brilliantly raises and the ingenious manner in which, in your columns, Dr. Leavis is given the appearance of a "score." JOHN SPARROW

[Disliking Dr. Leavis does not seem to us a good reason for borrowing extensively from his work without adequate acknowledgment.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—People who live in glass-houses invariably throw stones, that is a law of nature; all the same, Miss Sitwell has built such a really enormous glass-house for herself in *Aspects of Modern Poetry* that when that big stiff of a brother of hers butted in and discharged a brick at me (a brick from the Palace of the Churchills), I was, for a moment, dumbfounded at his peculiar effrontery. I do not know the date of the death of Inigo Jones. But there is one thing about which I am absolutely positive—namely, that it is not 1652—since a member of the Sitwell family gives it as such! That, I think, we can now all agree, is conclusive. The same, of course, applies to the building of Blenheim. There is another thing. That Osbert and myself should wag our greybeard-noddles at each other in public defiance is setting a bad example, undoubtedly, to the youthies—to the plump little budding Osberts and just-weaned winsome Wyndhams; but expostulate I must to this extent—have not I alone, of all critics, refrained from insisting upon misquotations and all that? Did I not quite pass that over in my review of Edith's *Aspects, etc.*? And *this* is what I get in return! I cannot suppress a reproachful wag or two! *Ingrat!* no wonder I exclaim! Yes, I confined myself—when I came to write of this rococo palace of blunders, this waxworks divided into "giants" before whom you abase yourself, and sots or desperadoes at whose effigies you spit and jeer—to the rather amusing *Circus* aspect of the performance. I tried to bring out the truly disarming picture of these incorrigibly "naughty," delicately shell-shocked, wistfully age-complexed, war-time Peter Pans—dragging out of their old kit-bags for the thousandth time their toy "great men" (about whom they go girlishly lyrical, and cover with a cheap varnish of unreality); their Aunt Sallies; their aviary of lovebirds, toucans and tomtits; their droned-out nursery melodies, accompanying the plunges of the old rocking-horses. A bit sad, a thought dreary, like all circuses that have survived—dominated, this one, by the rusty shriek of the proprietress: all *that* I did my best to bring out and to make people forget the constant and alas! symptomatic lapses of memory occurring in the patter, the placards upside-down, letters missing from the gilt blazoning of the announcements, making nonsense as often as not. For this trio *does* "belong to the history of publicity rather than that of poetry" (*cf.* Dr. Leavis); and would you expect Milton to be correctly quoted in an advertisement for Massage or Male-corsets—or Gerard Manley Hopkins to appear without printer's errors in a blurb recommending the tired pirouettes of a Society authoress? It would be unreasonable. It would be asking far too much of everybody concerned.

Hyde Park. WYNDHAM LEWIS

WHY NOT?

SIR,—Now that Mr. De Valera is distributing to the poor of the Irish Free State that country's unmarketable surplus of meat, cannot an English Government be induced to distribute in the same manner the unmarketable goods of this country? Could not a scheme of distribution centres and token payments be arranged in connection with unemployment pay to begin with and later extended to other poor people. A tiny fraction of profit could be allowed to the manufacturers and a fraction to the distribution centres, and manufacturers and shopkeepers would still have the better-off public to extract their wealth from, as they have at present. It would be necessary, with the Government competing in the market, to defend both Government and ordinary citizen by some system of price control, otherwise they would be fleeced as they were during the war. I suggest that such a scheme would bring about a prosperity similar to that of war time, when boots, suits and blankets were distributed by the million.

If this suggestion is folly, no doubt an economist will point out the fact; if on the contrary there is some sense in the suggestion, perhaps one will work out the details of the scheme. S. L.

THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—You have made a howler this week! Usually your column entertains us hugely. No one would quarrel with your choice of a prize-winner, but you have been badly trapped in awarding this week's prize. . . . Strange as it may seem, the *Times* itself was having a little joke. Princess Marina's father is said to have related that his daughter was frequently naughty and disobedient as a child, and that he personally visited the nursery in order to administer a salutary spanking. In such cases he found that the best weapon or instrument was a copy of the *Times*. It was this incident to which the *Times* referred in your cutting. SHEILA ANN OGILVIE

31 St. George's Road, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

[We apologise and take this opportunity of asking contributors to our *This England* column not to cut out the sentence suggested for quotation, but to send the entire article or paragraph with the sentence or sentences marked.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HOME OFFICE PREROGATIVE

SIR,—I have no desire to defend capital punishment in general or the execution of Stockwell in particular, but Mr. Wenham's letter on this subject in your issue of December 8 appears to be based on a complete misapprehension of the function of a jury, as at present understood in English law. A jury's verdict is, in Mr. Wenham's phrase, "sacrosanct, one and indivisible"; it consists merely in the finding "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," as the case may be. It may be that it would be for the good of the community to allow the jury some say in what should be done with the prisoner, following the verdict—as is the case, I understand, in France and possibly elsewhere. But to hand over to jurors the duty of passing sentence—or in capital cases, to give to their recommendation a compelling legal sanction—would be to introduce a wholly new and revolutionary procedure. I am not attempting to argue whether it would be a wise reform in our laws or not, but it is as well that those who advocate it should realise what they are proposing. A. A. GORDON CLARK

1 Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4.

PRINCE RUPERT

SIR,—I unfortunately missed my NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last week and have therefore only just seen Mr. David Garnett's attack upon my recently published book, *Prince Rupert, the Cavalier*.

The subject of that book is implied in the title, and plainly stated in the text. It is Rupert, the cavalry officer of the Civil War. Its main concern is with the Civil War years, 1642–1644 (though there is a very brief summary, at the end, of Rupert's subsequent career). Mr. Garnett seems to admit this in his opening paragraph. "As the title implies," he says, I am "chiefly interested in Rupert as a cavalry officer." That is true; it is the subject of the book.

Yet Mr. Garnett devotes about two-thirds of his remaining space to complaining that I have not included chapters on Rupert as a necromancer, Rupert as an admiral, Rupert as a middle-aged courtier, in the reign of Charles II, long after the Civil War, and so on. He concludes that Mr. Cleugh's full-length biography is a "better" book than mine, because he "devotes much more space to telling us of Rupert as a naval commander and as an artist and scientist." No doubt it is a better book; but not for that reason. Mr. Garnett has written books himself, and he must surely know that it is necessary to stick to your subject.

He is particularly annoyed by a sentence of mine, consisting of only eleven words, in which I state that the Royalist soldiers anglicised Queen Henrietta Maria's name into "Mary." "God and Queen Mary" became the Royalist battle-cry. And since

later historians have invariably referred to her as "Henrietta Maria" it seemed a point worth taking. But Mr. Garnett says:

> Instead of such foolery we might have been told more about Rupert's development of the mezzotint and his scientific experiments.

So we might. "Instead of" this sentence of eleven words I might have added several chapters on these interesting themes—or an essay on the parish pump, or perhaps a list of the wives of Henry VIII. "Foolery" is a mild word for such criticism.

This muddle-headed carping need not be taken too seriously. Graver matters are (*a*) the insertion of a word I never used, in a sentence purporting to be quoted direct from my book, and (*b*) the attribution to me of an opinion I have never held, nor expressed. Mr. Garnett quotes this sentence from the book:

> A charge of dullness may be brought against his biographer (Warburton), but never against Rupert himself.

The word "Warburton" has been inserted by Mr. Garnett. I never said Warburton; I never meant Warburton; I meant myself. And any ordinary reader, looking at this sentence, in its context, would take it that way.

Finally there is this entirely new charge:

> After the appearance of Cromwell Mr. Wilkinson gets into greater and greater difficulties, since he has committed himself to the impossible task of proving Rupert a greater soldier.

I never committed myself to any such task. I never thought or said that Rupert was the greater soldier. I thought—and brought facts to prove it—that his was the more original mind in the matter of cavalry tactics—a very different statement. But I never attempted to rank him above Cromwell as a soldier. And after reading through the book again I cannot find anything that the most unfair critic could twist into meaning that.

Hampstead. CLENNELL WILKINSON

THE BRONTË FAMILY

SIR,—I am editing for the Hogarth Press a volume of extracts designed to show the Brontë family *as seen by their contemporaries*. It is, of course, understood that these extracts in all probability will have appeared in print before, but if any of your readers could refer me to some of the less well-known references in contemporary memoirs or correspondence, I should indeed be grateful. E. M. DELAFIELD

57 Doughty Street, W.C.1.

HOW TO GET AN APPLE

SIR,—Your contributor, "Critic," in "A London Diary," might be interested to learn how, another time, he can obtain a Cox from the fruit shop at Victoria Station after 10 o'clock.

He should take a ticket to Battersea Park at the Suburban Booking Office for 2½*d*. This he should show to the assistant in the fruit shop as a proof of his intending to travel by train. He will then be allowed to purchase as much fruit as he likes.

He should then return to the Booking Office and ask the clerk if he would kindly refund the money on his ticket as he doesn't now wish to travel. The clerk will readily return his 2½*d*., and will, in fact, accept an apple with pleasure at having assisted in evading an absurd law. R. W. TUCK

15 Florian Avenue, Sutton, Surrey.

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR,—When I was joint secretary of the Parliamentary Film Committee, we spent much time in trying to induce the British Board of Film Censors to pass such Russian films as *Mother* and *The Ghost That Never Returns*. The reason for the refusal in these two cases was that the first showed troops firing on an unarmed population and that the second contained reflections on a friendly power. This week, at a fashionable cinema in the West End of London, I saw a German film *Refugees*. The entire story was virulent anti-Russian propaganda. It not only showed armed men firing on unarmed and helpless refugees, it showed the armoured motor car of the Russian commissars actually crushing them down under its wheels. This film in exact detail fulfils the two conditions which caused the Russian films to be prohibited. I do not want *Refugees* banned. With its Göringesque hero it is a film that shows much light on Nazi mentality. But I protest, as a citizen, against the political bias shown by the trade Board of Film Censors, which does not ban propaganda, but merely decides which side of the propaganda we shall see.

18 Guilford Street, ELLEN WILKINSON
Russell Square, W.C.1.

Miscellany

THE "REPS."

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY, an artist of the theatre who also understands its finance, shares its risks, and realises its social status, recently exposed in these columns the absurdity of the public attitude to drama in this country. The State (or local authority) encourages and subsidises literature through its support of public libraries; it gives grants to museums, picture-galleries, and sometimes even to music. But instead of feeding the theatre even to the extent of a crumb, it feeds upon it, and that richly. To snatch in special taxation about a sixth of the money that passes into a box-office, while adding not a penny by way of encouragement, is certainly to use knife and fork with a will. And the cut is of the same greedy kind however meagre the joint. There is no tempering the State's appetite to the skinny lamb.

Meanwhile this same State exempts the Zoo from entertainment tax as an educational institution. Apparently you are a culture-hungry citizen if you stand and giggle at a mandrill's rearward colour-scheme; but if you go to see Mr. Gielgud play *Hamlet* you are a base roisterer. The thing is grotesque. It has got to be stopped, and that just as much in the interest of the State as of the playwright and of the player on whose productivity the State depends both for general as well as special taxes. Even if we leave out altogether the cultural argument, a solid argument in my opinion, that a nation ought to have a theatre, especially if that nation has, like ours, a great theatrical literature and tradition, the present exploitation of the drama by Whitehall is iniquitous. Why should one type of artist be singled out for special and severe taxation?

A few West End "shows" can fruitfully exploit the holiday mood, but as a national possession the professional drama is being starved to death. Touring is a quarter of what it was, and the local companies, loosely known as "reps," which have bravely attempted to replace the strolling player, intermittently arrive, struggle, fail, or just sustain themselves on what is virtually sweated labour backed by constant appeals for support and last-minute campaigns for guarantee funds. The facts and the finances of the case have been carefully collected and ably recorded by Mr. Cecil Chisholm in his book, *Repertory*.* He holds strongly that the game is worth the candle, but he demonstrates that it cannot be properly played to the light of those farthing dips which are all that repertory can afford. There are muddles, of course, for the well-intentioned are not always the well-equipped either in artistic or executive ability. But, on the whole, there are tremendous zeal and much accomplishment at odds with tremendous difficulties.

For remedy Mr. Chisholm demands public support. "The case for the levying of a rate of a penny in the pound (in the larger cities of a halfpenny in the pound) is complete." But such a rate, as Mr. Chisholm acknowledges, is at present illegal. There must be an Enabling Bill, and the translation of that Bill into an Act will be a slow business. There will be opposition—"a fight to the last ditch" as Mr. Chisholm admits. And, should we get the Act, it *would only enable, it would not ensure aid* for the theatre. The battle will begin all over again in each city or district. If the rate-aided theatre does at last, here and there, become a reality, it will be naturally subject to interference by the city councillors. Curators of public art galleries know what that means. But painting is something of a mystery and the City Council will be more reconciled to take a specialist's advice in that case than in the matter of drama, on which everybody holds opinions. At first, at any rate, there will be endless complaints about subsidising "subversive" doctrine, the combating of which grievances will demand much time and trouble from the already over-worked directors of a "rep."

* *Repertory*. By Cecil Chisholm. *Peter Davies*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

There is, however, a better way, a way for which a new organisation of theatrically minded people will shortly begin a campaign. They will demand a National Commission, financed by the Treasury, preferably from the proceeds of the entertainment tax, and empowered to make loans or grants to approved organisations which are presenting unmechanised music and drama directly to an audience. Membership of such a Commission would naturally be an exacting occupation, for the queue of applicants for aid would be large and the work involved in deciding on the merit of the claimants, sifting their accounts, assessing the value of their previous and potential achievements, and deciding on the amount of help required would be laborious and intricate. No committee of well-intentioned amateurs could handle such a task as a spare-time job. The Commission would need the paid services of qualified experts who understood music and drama, could keep a constant eye on the work in progress, and were well above the lures of the log-rollers.

The case for national rather than local action is strong. It could be instituted without the delays of legislation and it would avoid the nuisance of endless friction in municipal politics. It is the National Treasury which should pay, because it is the National Treasury which has been fleecing the theatre for close upon twenty years. It is not a case for disbursing large sums ; the theatres likely to apply are modest spenders, and a matter of ten or twenty pounds a week would often make all the difference between continuance and closing down. In some cases they are hampered not so much by lack of public interest as by lack of suitable or even tolerable premises. Here a loan on mortgage would enable a new start with far greater prospect of success. Meanwhile the Treasury received £9,318,622 in Entertainment Duty in 1933. The theatre's share of this was, of course, very much less than that of the cinema. But if the Government only restored to drama and to music (unmechanised) a matter of £100,000 a year, a mere fraction of what it takes from them, it could save from starvation and decay arts which have enormously contributed to English life in the past and should continue to do so in the future. Furthermore, by fostering local effort, it would diminish the vicious and increasing tendency to centralise the artistic life of the nation in its capital. Whether this method of support be chosen, or a demand for the rate-aided theatre be pressed, it is well to know the facts of the local theatres' battle for life, and these, with some just appreciation of the combatants' merit, Mr. Chisholm has efficiently collected and set forth.

IVOR BROWN

HARD TO BE CURED

IN a basement in South Kensington, behind a bright yellow door, the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation have placed on exhibition five hundred books from their research library of twelve thousand. And here Mr. Harry Price, the arch-sceptic who originally assembled this florilege of five centuries of superstition, will discourse to you on the curiosities of charlatanry and introduce you to the curtained alcove in which he had the privilege of exposing Mrs. Duncan, the lady who exhibited her mystic powers by regurgitating yard upon yard of cheese-cloth.

" Nativities cast for the Cure of Witchcraft and other Diseases that are hard to be cured." So runs the handbill of James Hallett, " the original curer of all diseases," who flourished in Sussex at the end of the eighteenth century. Hard to be cured it is indeed. From Ludwig Lavater to the Saragossa Poltergeist the amiable affliction continues unabated, in spite of the " Perfect Discovery of the Fallacies of Witchcraft," in spite of the " Arraignment of Artlesse Astrologers," in spite of Reginald Scot, in spite of Swift, in spite of Voltaire, in spite of Mr. Harry Price himself. The contemporary coloured woodcuts of the *Tractatus maleficorum* of Angeli de Gamblionibus printed in Black Letter in Lyons in 1490, have bibliographical significance ; and the first edition of Oliver Goldsmith's treatise on the Cock Lane Ghost must be one of the rarest works on view. But one lingers more lovingly over the ten pamphlets devoted to the remarkable case of Mary Toft, who in 1726 astounded the medical profession and captured the public imagination by giving birth at intervals to twenty-seven live rabbits. But when by the order of George I she was brought from her home in Guildford to the bagnio in Leicester Fields she was forced into a confession of fraud that all true lovers of the fantastic will regret. In those less pastoral surroundings she found herself unable to continue her performance.

Even in so large a collection one misses certain notables. I was sorry to find none of John Aubrey's note-books, for one of my favourite phenomena has always been the Cirencester ghost of 1670, which, " being demanded, whether a good spirit or a bad ? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and most melodious twang. Mr. W. Lilly believes it was a fairy. So Propertius." But to atone for this absence there are seven of Defoe's pamphlets, including the ingenious device for assisting the indigent publisher Drelincourt : " A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705. Which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of *Consolations Against the Fears of Death*." There are also several of the almanacks of that Dr. Partridge whom Mr. George Beaton has just taken as his prototype for a series of prognostications for 1935.

" Time is ; time's past ; time was," is the legend attached to every edition of " The Famous History of Frier Bacon." And in the Serial Universe to which Mr. Dunne is gently leading us we shall have to revise our sceptical estimate of the efficacy of prophecy. Shortly after dismissing the more extravagant works in Mr. Price's collection with a tolerant smile, I was reading in an evening paper that the Duke of Gloucester had launched a boat at Barrow by pressing a button twelve thousand miles away in Brisbane. For an instant I found myself accepting this preposterous piece of intelligence without question. And yet I had doubted the possibility that a healthy young woman of Guildford could bring forth rabbits.

FRANCIS WATSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" The Dominant Sex " at the Embassy

Nothing is more agonisingly tedious in real life than the public bickerings of married people ; and to be confronted with three whole acts of domestic sex-war in the theatre might strike a chill on the heart of the keenest playgoer. At the Embassy, Mr. Michael Egan's play (brilliantly produced, by the way, by John Fernald) does no such thing. It is fresh, vigorous and amusing, and if the problems set forth are solved in no very profound fashion, they have the remarkable merit of being intimately related to the real world of 1934. The theoretic battle for the " equality of the sexes " was, of course, fought and won by another generation. Mr. Egan takes on himself the task of scrutinising the peace treaty and its consequences among two couples of quite ordinary married people who attempt to work it out in fact. Dick and Angela believe in equality and companionate marriage and other " advanced " ideas in the popular press. But Dick wants a child, and a farm, and Angela wants to keep her job and a good time in town with as little other work and responsibility as may be. Dick becomes extremely brusque and pig-headed and Angela strident and unscrupulous in ready response. The baby develops into a useful blackmailing instrument, but after the feathers have flown once or twice, Dicks gets his way and Angela, we may presume, will accept her rural lot with as much grace as she can muster. Gwen and Joe begin more conventionally. Gwen is also a believer in companionate marriage and glibly develops from it a theory that promiscuous fun after the ceremony is no more blameworthy provided that the husband is kept docile. Joe is very patient, but finally spoils everything by slipping quietly away and filing his petition. This is no place to go deeply into the questions which Mr. Egan poses—interesting as they are. It must suffice to suggest that at moments he loads his scales a little too readily. But the four people are most convincingly alive, and their particular difficulties are correspondingly real.

Diana Churchill realises perfectly the case for Angela without mitigating her complete disregard for Queensberry rules and the public school spirit—a very intelligent performance. Richard Bird as Dick succeeds surprisingly in conveying a reasonable appearance of justice to his cause, and Ellen Pollock's polished charm as Gwen is very effective.

"The Blind Goddess" at Welwyn

Ernst Toller's latest play, performed last week by the Welwyn Folk Players, is a sincere and moving piece of work. The trial scene and the scene in a women's prison bring out very powerfully the needless suffering that we inflict upon one another by our lack of imaginative sympathy, and one could wish that all magistrates and judges might be made to witness at least one performance of this play. The character of Anna is built up with great skill and psychological accuracy and the effect on it of her four years in prison is vividly portrayed. But there is a certain vagueness in the play which makes it rather difficult to interpret—or perhaps I should say, leaves us free to interpret it each in our own fashion, according to our preconceived views and prejudices. It is not clear whether Mr. Toller means us to believe that criminals are made by "blind, senseless chance," or whether he intends to point out that we turn weak or unfortunate people into criminals by our treatment of them, just as Dr. Färber, by his unjust conviction and the inhumanity of prison conditions, was turned into a would-be murderer. But Anna, at least, sees that she has some responsibility, that she can no longer go on living for herself and her lover alone—so perhaps the solution is there, for all but the blind to see. This is not an easy play to act, and the Welwyn Folk Players are to be congratulated on their courage in undertaking it. The performance was somewhat unequal, the highest spot being the magnificent interpretation of Anna, by Edith Tole. The part of Max Franke was so shockingly over-acted that the play became unreal whenever he was on the stage, and Dr. Färber's make-up was so badly done that it was difficult to take him quite seriously. In the trial scene a wax model of Dr. Färber's wife is supposed to "come to life"—surely it was a mistake on the producer's part to make her speak like a mechanical doll? It detracted very much from the realistic effect of the scene.

"Refugees" at the Curzon

It is good to see an Ufa film again; and *Refugees*, now showing at the Curzon, is one of the most exciting and best photographed Continental pictures that have appeared in London for many months. The story is that of a group of German settlers, fleeing from their farms on the Volga after the Russian revolution, who reach Harbin, where they are caught between the lines of two warring Chinese armies. At the International settlement, they are refused entrance until the responsibility for their fate has been decided by a congress of drowsy diplomats, sitting in a large and comfortable room, well supplied with electric fans and iced drinks. In a desperate search for water, they go to the railway station. At this point, Laudy, the leader of the party (played by Eugen Klöpfer) falls ill; and his place is taken by another German, once in Chinese service, Arneth (Hans Albers), who helps them to commandeer a train. The rails have been blown up and must be repaired before dawn; a man is killed; a woman gives birth to a child. At last, after several hours of constant danger, both from the Chinese and a villainous Russian commissar who is prowling about the town, followed by a patrol of Soviet infantry, equipped with rifles, searchlights and hand grenades, the track is restored and the fugitives make their escape. . . . This aspect of the film is extremely moving. Fine photography and intelligent direction combine to produce an atmosphere of almost unbearable suspense. That charming young actress Käthe von Nagy gives a good performance as Kristya, Laudy's sister; though Arneth bears a horrid likeness to General Göring. There is a strong flavour of propaganda about certain episodes; but it is not more blatant than in the average Russian production.

"Jeanne" at the Rialto

French films at their best excel in a kind of intimate satirical characterisation—the portrait, perhaps, of a shopkeeper, an old maidservant, a taxi-driver or a pampered *fils de famille*—that is recommended both by its acuteness and its lightness of touch. Were *Jeanne*, at the Rialto, shorn of its last episode, it would be a magnificent production in this manner. Gaby Morlay occupies the whole screen. As the little work-girl, a maker of artificial flowers, who becomes first the mistress, and then the wife, of her employer's good-natured, but selfish and empty-headed, son and heir, she gives an astonishingly apt, and at moment extremely beautiful, performance. Unfortunately, the last episode degenerates into sentimentality of the most excruciating kind. Her lover (brilliantly portrayed by André Luguet) has persuaded Madeleine to have an illegal operation. Complications set in, and she learns that she can never bear another child. An embittered septuagenarian, she passes away amid visions of the daughter—Jeanne—who *might* have been hers. . . . But a wise film-goer will leave before the end. Nevertheless, *Jeanne* is decidedly a film to visit; though Gaby Morlay deserves a better vehicle.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, December 15th—
- Royal Choral Society, Carols, Albert Hall, 2.30.
- Harriet Cohen, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- "Messiah," City Temple, 3.

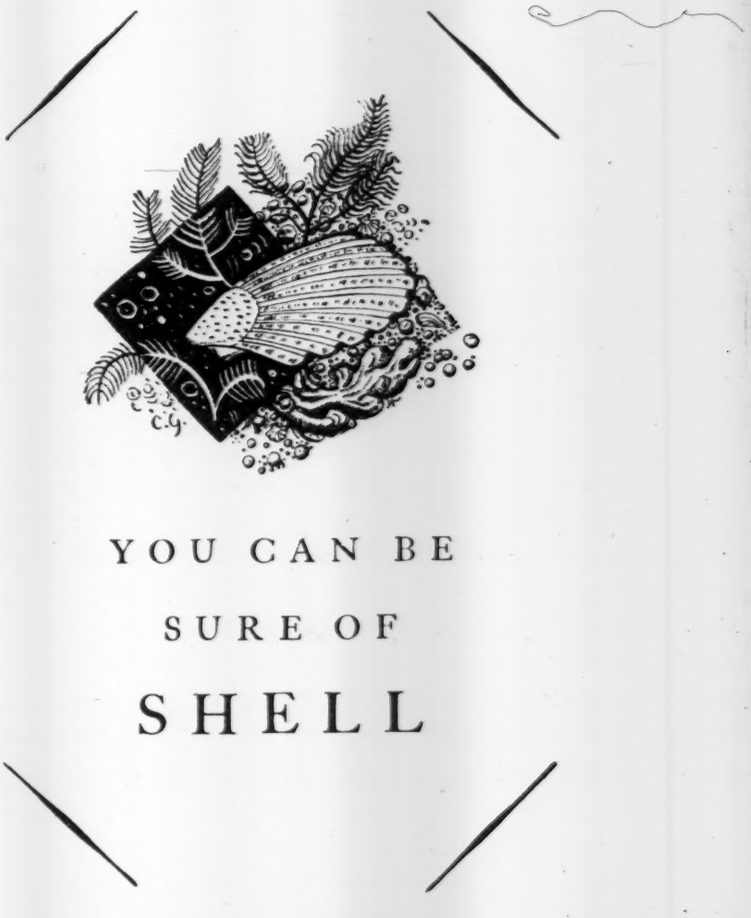
SUNDAY, December 16th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "Is Freedom Possible," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- Croydon Film Society, "The Road to Life," Davis Theatre, Croydon, 2.30
- Miss Marie Seton on "The Theatre and Cinema in the U.S.S.R.", Experimental Theatre, 59 Finchley Road, 8.15.
- Production by the Plinius Players of "Birthright," Cambridge Theatre.

TUESDAY, December 18th—
- Shepherd Dawson, on "Disease and Intelligence," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
- William Kent on "Religious Life in Mediaeval London," Conway Hall, 7.
- "The Bing Boys are Here," Alhambra.

WEDNESDAY, December 19th—
- "Jill Darling!" Saville Theatre.

THURSDAY, December 20th—
- Canon Sheppard on "The Church and Peace," St. Edmund's Church, Lombard Street, 1.10.
- "The Waltz Dream," Winter Garden.
- International Circus, Olympia.
- "Blackbirds of 1935," Second Edition, Coliseum.

FRIDAY, December 21st—
- Sir Stafford Cripps on "The Socialist League's New Line," Caxton Hall, 7.45.



Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

SINCE writing regretfully last week that the naughty child is no longer allowed a place in literature, I have been reading a child's accounts of her own naughtiness:

> I confess that I have been more like a little young Devil then a creature for when Isabella went up the stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good & all my other lessons I stamped with my feet and threw my new hat which she made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfuly passionate but she never whiped me but gently said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you but I went so sulkely that the Devil got the better of me.

For day after day Marjory recorded the devil's triumphs. One day she read the Bible so carelessly that Isabella's blood ran cold, and the next she "behaved extremely ill in God's most holy church." Another day she threw her work on the stairs, would not pick it up or leave the room, roared like a bull and would not go to bed. And her social lapses were worse:

> To-day I bronounced a word which should never come out of a ladys lips it was that I caled John a impudent Bitch. . . .

She was kindly forgiven on this occasion and indeed was fortunate in being rarely punished, considering how other children were being treated at the time. "She never never whips me so that I thinke I would be the better of it," is a frequent sentiment. "Alas I owe Isabella 4 pence, for I am finned 2 pence when ever I bite my nails" is the only record of punishment. She was well aware of the displeasure which her bad temper and her naughtiness aroused. "my charecter is lost among the Breahead people." Like Tolstoy, when she began writing in her diary she was apt to be in a penitent mood. "Isa's health will be quite ruined by me, it will indeed," may perhaps be a vainglorious reproduction of Isabella's own complaints, but who can doubt the sincerity of:

> Remorse is the worst thing to bear & I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it.

* * *

A large number of my readers will of course have already identified this naughty child as Marjory Fleming who died before she was nine years old and whose best known work is the sonnet to a monkey. Hitherto her biographers and editors —Mr. Farlie, Dr. John Brown (the author of *Rab and His Friends*) and Mr. MacBean—have been her compatriots and have freely indulged their national failing. I have learnt by experience to avoid anything written by a Scot about a child. The distress induced by reading *The Little White Bird* when I was ten years old is still with me, though the work itself is happily forgotten. Unfortunately Scottish sentimentality clings like the taste of paraffin oil: the memory of it is enough to produce those "queasy sensations" which came to Mr. Sidgwick on reading the earlier editors of *Pet Marjorie*—a name they invented and misspelt while they bowdlerised and falsified the text of her poems and journals. For example, Marjory began her first letter thus:

> My dear Isa
> I now sit down on my botom to answer all your kind and beloved letters. . . .

On my botom has hitherto been left out. Fortunately all the documents, except two letters, are now in the National Library of Scotland and Mr. Esdaile of the British Museum has had the happy idea of publishing them in facsimile (*The Journals, Letters and Verses of Majory Fleming, edited by Arundell Esdaile*, Sidgwick and Jackson, 42*s*.). Mr. Esdaile is as free from sentimentality as a photographic plate and, I am convinced, as accurate. But not everyone is prepared to pay two guineas and Mr. Frank Sidgwick has performed a service to literature by editing and publishing *The Complete Marjory Fleming* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 5*s*.). This is an accurate transcript of the MSS. printed line for line in italic type and contains all the crossings out and corrections and Isabella Keith's underlinings of misspellings. Marjory Fleming was born on January 15, 1803, and died of meningitis following measles on December 19, 1811. When she was five or just six, her cousin Isabella Keith, then seventeen, paid the Fleming family a visit and formed such a strong attachment to Marjory that the child was sent for nearly three years to live with the Keith's. The three journals were written in April-June 1810, July 1810 and March 1811. Mr. Esdaile's evidence for these dates and the chronology of the journals is unassailable "though it is not that suggested by the handwriting," and reverses the order in which they have hitherto been printed.

* * *

Except for her bad temper and remorse Marjory Fleming's chief sufferings were from lessons.

> I am now going to tell you about the horible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me you cant concieve it—the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 & 7 times 7 is what nature itselfe cant endure.

Otherwise her life was extremely happy: she had a passion for the country and visits to friends of the family outside Edinburgh were always occasions for outbursts of joy.

> Now am I quite happy, for I am going to a delightfull place Breahead by name, where their is ducks cocks hens bublyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats swine & which is delightful. . . . Every morn I awake before Isa & Oh I wish to be up & out with the turkies but I must take care of Isa who when aslipe is as beautifull as Viness & Jupiter in the skies.

It is typical that in this passage the former editors changed her favourite *turkies* (or Bubblyjocks) into *larkies*. Animals were a delight to her and she was greatly shocked at the drowning of some puppies. At Revelston

> it is extremely pleasant to me by the company of swine geese cocks &c and they are the delight of my heart

But Gentlemen were preferred even to swine:

> On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks . . . Mr. Crakey & I walked to Crakyhall hand by hand in innocence and maditation. . . . Nobody was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Crakey you must know is a great Buck & pretty good looking

There were also the two Mr. Balfours.

> In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esge, and from him I got ofers of marage. offers of marriage did I say? Nay plainly . . . .

She was not so well pleased by jokes on the subject.

> Yesterday a marrade man named Mr John Balfour Esge offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me though the man was espused & his wife was present, & said he must ask her permission but he did not I think he was ashamed or confounded before 3 gentelman

Isabella was very severe upon her interest in love affairs.

> Isabella will not alow me to speak about lovers & heroins & tiss too refined for my taste. . . . I love him very much & with all my heart, but O I forgot Isabella forbid me to speak about love. . . . love is a very papithatick thing as well as troubelsom and tiresome but O Isabella forbid me to speak about it.

* * *

For Isabella her passion is continually recorded in many of the most charming passages including the well-known poem which begins:

> I love in Isa's bed to lie
> O such a joy & luxury

It is quite clear that Isabella returned Marjory's feeling though sometimes she squalled at her touch and sometimes fell asleep in her face, at which Marjory's "anger broke forth." The outbursts of rage and naughtiness during lessons when she "affronted" Isabella were obviously connected with this passion.

* * *

Marjory Fleming was an omnivorous reader and her journal is full of comments on Swift, the Newgate Calendar, Shakespeare's plays, the Arabian Nights and the poems of Gray, Thomson, Burns, etc. For the most part they merely reflect what was being said around her and are not more original than the pious sentences with which she sprinkled her pages. One of her favourite poems was *Helvellyn* by Scott, who was a cousin of the Keith's and almost certainly met her. Marjory

never mentions him nor does he refer to her. He probably gave her a book but there is no evidence for Dr. John Brown's "painfully overwritten and sentimental account of their attachment." And as Mr. Esdaile says: "we may allow ourselves at least a hope that he did not call Marjory '*my bonny wee croodlin doo*'." Though it is probable that like Mr. Sidgwick he was "unable to push detachment to the point of referring to the eight-year-old author as Miss Fleming." Mr. Esdaile reminds us, unkindly, that Scott said himself that he did not like children. Marjory Fleming's distinction does not rest upon Scott's friendship, nor is it that she was a most precocious, most original and most intelligent child. She was not phenomenal in such respects. Her achievement is that at eight years old she could express her own feelings and her forcible character completely in a diary. Just as there are mathematical and musical prodigies, Marjory Fleming was a prodigy as a diarist (not as a poet). Many children have written charming stories and poems and expressed themselves in comic and satiric passages, but Marjory Fleming expressed her own feelings and personality absolutely directly more completely than any other child I know of.

> I have got a young bird & I have tamed it & it hopes on my finger. Alas I have promised it to Miss Bonner & the cage is here & little Dickey is in it.

That is her claim to immortality. DAVID GARNETT

SWIFT

Swift. Gulliver's Travels and Selected Writings in Prose and Verse. Edited by JOHN HAYWARD. *Nonesuch Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Few personalities have offered a more extensive target to misunderstanding than that of Jonathan Swift. "Wit small," pronounced the sagacious Dublin phrenologist who examined his skull a hundred years ago, adding that his capacity for affection was proportionately great. Swift could not have been a bad man, remarked Lord Holland; he wrote such good nonsense. . . . . "Cousin Swift," observed Dryden, "you will never be a poet"—the last a judgment in which Mr. John Hayward, to whom we owe the present admirable selection of Swift's prose and verse, would seem, rather suprisingly, to concur. "The most indulgent critic" of Swift's verse, suggests Mr. Hayward, "will discover little trace in it either of fancy or imagination, little evidence, that is to say, of poetic sensibility. He will find, on the other hand, immense facility combined with technical ingenuity and correctness." Here, I cannot help thinking, Mr. Hayward does his subject an injustice all the more grave since it corresponds with the conventional and (I dare to assume) largely mistaken view of Swift's genius. Had his poems, at their finest, possessed no merits except facility, ingenuity and technical skill, I doubt if Mr. Hayward would have troubled to edit them. Certainly, they would not have provided such delightful reading as is to be found in the last section of his excellent book.

It is true, however, that critics will agree or disagree with Mr. Hayward's somewhat grudging estimate of Swift's poetic powers each according to his own individual definition of what we call poetic sensibility. The Romantic will notice in these verses a kind of wit that also belongs to prose and a complete absence of the more obvious type of lyricism. How stiff is the opening of *Cadenus and Vanessa!* Nymphs. . . . Shepherds. . . The Cyprian Queen. . . . A Court of Love where witty arguments are threshed out with the help of rhyming couplets. Pope, protests the Romantic, was more adroit; his couplets were better turned; his satire had a more exquisitely sharpened edge. We are entertained; but we are not moved, not charmed, to the point of self-forgetfulness, as we expect to be moved and charmed when we read poetry. For Romantic critics have a prejudice against wit. An intense solemnity is the hall-mark of the greatest Romantic verse; and it is the lack of solemnity that gives this poem its peculiar atmosphere. The wit is always bordering upon emotion; but it never transgresses the formal limits that it has set itself.

Thus, the result is both artificial and disturbingly personal. Nothing could be stiffer than the opening lines; yet Vanessa, as Cadenus knew to his cost, was a real young woman, and the story, half unfolded and half concealed by the poem, a real love story from which the middle-aged Dean had only escaped at the

AN OPEN LETTER

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May I suggest to you, ladies and gentlemen, that it will be well worth your while to make an exception of the advertisement in the lower half of this column?

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MEDLEY

THE POCKET MAGAZINE

expense of much anguish, many protestations and bitter tears, leaving shreds of his tattered dignity in Vanessa's clutches. To be loved; for some mysterious and possibly rather appalling reason, to be unable to love in return—that was the Dean's pathetic and dreadful predicament; and the poem is a memorial of his failure. Long passages are limpid and smooth enough; and though these passages—the lines, to choose a celebrated instance, that describe the bevy of fashionable women who come rushing upstairs to Vanessa's room—display little imagination in the Romantic sense, it would be hard to deny them an imaginative quality:

A Party next of glitt'ring Dames
From round the Purlieus of St. James,
Came early out of pure Good-will,
To see the Girl in Deshabille.
Their Clamour, " lighting from their Chairs,
Grew lowder, all the way up Stairs;
At Entrance loudest, where they found,
The Room with Volumes litter'd round;
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her Head:
They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important Face,
On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves and Lace;
Shew'd Patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her—what she thought,
Whether the Red or Green were best,
And what they cost: Vanessa guest,
As came into her fancy first,
Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worst.

If the function of verse is to capture something that eludes prose, that enchanting description has surely the essence of poetry.

As poetic are Swift's verses on his own death. Here again, the whole fascination of the poem seems to lie in the writer's efforts—never quite successful—to keep seriousness at arm's length, and to place a dreadful or tragic image in the frame of accomplished and light-hearted versifying. *Cadenus and Vanessa* is the product of a man who dreaded love and hated the human body, *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift* the work of a poet who feared death, although he did not cling to life, and who was haunted by the idea of dissolution. Only Swift could have dealt so affectionately and so minutely with the problem of what his friends and enemies would say of him when he died—from the palace, where

Kind Lady Suffolk in the Spleen
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen so Gracious, Mild, and Good,
Cries, " Is he gone? 'Tis time he shou'd,"

to feminine acquaintances, who are more preoccupied by an exciting card-party. There is something in the astringent quality of Swift's humour that might be likened to the dolorous witticisms of *Les Amours Jaunes*.

Originally published in mysterious circumstances during the year 1733, *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift* has now been reprinted, complete and unabridged; and, by consulting manuscript additions to the version of the poem that appeared in 1746, Mr. Hayward has done much to improve the text. Similarly, while editing *Gulliver's Travels*, Mr. Hayward has been at considerable pains to restore the text to the condition in which Swift gave it to the world, before it had been gelded by timid editors and publishers. Re-reading the *Travels*, one's chief regret is that one is not reading this extraordinary book for the first time. His verses may or may not contain evidence of Swift's poetic sensibility; but the poetic imagination revealed in *Gulliver* is beyond dispute, and colours and enlivens the whole course of that wonderful narrative. The story is told with a sort of lyrical particularity, that may serve to remind us that the finest prose-writers have begun as poets.

PETER QUENNELL

What Marx Really Said

Many willing minds have turned to Marx and have found in his writings an answer to the problem of society's contradictions and brutalities. Others, no less willing, have been baffled by the bulk of his work alone; and have turned in despair from a philosopher who realised that truth cannot be written in two pages or in twenty. They have not known where to start reading this man, who in life endured humiliation and insults comparable even with those which reaction has heaped on him since he died. He could easily afford to bear them, for he has written works, every word of which is endorsed by history itself and every chapter of which becomes more and more significant as day succeeds day.

In his correspondence with Engels, which we now publish (*The Correspondence of Marx and Engels*, 12*s*. 6*d*.), there is much that is exciting, much that is absorbing reading and nothing which does not bear almost directly on the problems of the present age. Most valuable to the student, too, is a letter from Engels in which he gives precise directions as to how best and most easily to read and understand Marx's *Capital*: and who more qualified to do so than he? Marx as journalist (and he could be fiercer and more uncompromising than journalists are allowed to be to-day) wrote history too.

His *The Class Struggles in France* (3*s*. 6*d*.) and *Ludwig Feuerbach: The Outcome of Classical German Philosophy* (3*s*. 6*d*.), which we published this week, illustrate two sides of his, and Engels's, work (*Feuerbach* is by Engels). We have previously published *Civil War in France* (2*s*. 6*d*.), *Critique of the Gotha Programme* (3*s*. 6*d*.), *Letters to Dr. Kugelmann* (3*s*. 6*d*.), *The British Labour Movement* (Engels, 1*s*.), etc. Newly published also is *Marx, Engels, Marxism* (5*s*.) by his greatest disciple, Lenin, and, Marxism up to date, *The October Revolution* by J. Stalin (3*s*. 6*d*.).

Anti-Dühring (Engels, 7*s*. 6*d*.) can be definitely announced for early 1935.

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HOUSING

Housing England—A Guide to Housing Problems and the Building Industry Presented in a Report by the Industries Group of P. E. P.—(Political and Economic Planning). Published by *P. E. P.*, 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. 5*s*.

This admirable production sets forth concisely, in clear and for the most part non-technical language, the results of able research work on subjects directly affecting working-class housing in this country. The report deals in detail with organisation, housing legislation, standards and requirements, analyses of capital costs and outgoings and the finance of housing schemes, management, the incidence of rates, and investigation of new building methods and materials. In their preface the authors say: " Our enquiries have . . . led us over an extremely wide field and to follow out all their implications in full would require many more months, if not years of research. In view of the social and economic urgency of action we therefore decided to make available for discussion our findings to date." This decision is fully justified: as a piece of statistical work, with a carefully reasoned summary, this report is a useful and enlightened text-book for housing students, and a guide to all those who are faced with practical difficulties in evolving economical housing schemes.

For those whose chief concern is to make a fundamental attack on the problem of housing for the poorest people, P. E. P.'s report is also most valuable for the sake of its excellently arranged data: some of the conclusions and recommendations are less satisfactory. It is precisely for these people that the report is written, and the authors can at least say that they have not only presented the public with facts, but have put before them a reasoned practical proposal. Briefly, they suggest the formation of two companies, " The English Housing Company " which would buy land, raise capital and organise the building of a sufficient number of houses mostly of the 3-bedroom non-parlour (A.3) type with an area of 760 square feet, to let at an inclusive rental of 11*s*. a week or less; and " The English Building Company," which would erect the houses. The " housing company " would " in the first place be incorporated as an ordinary limited liability company with a capital structure containing a substantial proportion of equity shares to bear the risks of initiation and fluctuation. It is not proposed that a Government guaranteed interest should be sought." " It is impossible to get down with any assurance to the lower rent levels required without large-scale operation and the elimination of the speculative profit element." The authors feel assured that with the genuine enthusiasm for improved working-class housing now existing they could borrow from Insurance Companies and from the general public, and raise all the capital required.

Private enterprise has not housed the lowest-paid workers, and up to the present it has been true to say that the job could not be

done without subsidies; or, to use an older expression, "the labourer cannot pay an economic rent." But the authors of this report believe that private enterprise *can* do the job, given certain conditions. The only exception they make is in the case of the Depressed Areas, where they are reluctantly driven to the conclusion there must be a system of de-rating for working-class housing. This specialised form of subsidy is the only one they consider necessary. Their argument is this: the rent of a house apart from rates depends on capital costs and outgoings. A systematic attack must be made on all contributory cost factors, including ownership and finance, materials, construction, management and maintenance. A bold housing policy with security in the industry for a period of ten years, combined with capable leadership, improved organisation, and minor legislative reforms can effect economies under each of these headings, but the building materials industry is the most elastic factor. It is false economy to cut down on maintenance and management: a high standard of maintenance and good management, on Octavia Hill principles, whether by women or well-qualified men, is economical. It is useless to hope for a lowering of present interest and sinking-fund rates. (In this respect the authors are too pessimistic.) Let us, therefore, they argue, rule out the idea of effecting much improvement on the outgoings side of our balance sheet, and see what can be done with capital costs. We cannot alter the cost of land, and can only buy wisely. We believe that there is scope for improvement in the better utilisation of labour, but we are opposed to wage reductions: wages are already on the low side. The third factor, that of building materials, offers a more hopeful field for adjustment. "When we began our investigation of housing needs and possibilities," the Preface concludes, "we were forced to recognise that there could be no sound solution of the housing problem which did not provide for the reconstruction of the building and building materials industry, overhaul of building regulations, and setting up of national standards and so forth." The items under this heading are worked out in great detail, and form the largest and most valuable part of the report. The authors reveal the strength of the building materials rings, and suggest methods of breaking them if they should possibly be tempted to hold up the operations of the "English Building Company."

With regard to actual materials; brick, timber, and so on are accepted, and no forecasts of the future use of concrete, for instance, are attempted. There is, however, an interesting chapter on research, and methods of making new knowledge available. In this the authors might have mentioned the Committee at present working at the Ministry of Health, and the researches into the possibilities of eliminating bugs from new buildings; but this work is not yet very far advanced.

I have said that for those who want a *fundamental* attack on the problem of housing the poorest people, P. E. P's report is most valuable, but its solution is unsatisfactory. It is a sincere piece of work, and no one can fail to admire the practical common sense of its detailed proposals, but it is disappointingly limited. "Come," says P. E. P, "these are the facts. Let us face them honestly and see what can be done. Poverty is a fact: high cost of land is a fact: oppressive rates in poor districts and low rates in prosperous districts are facts. . . ." Any idea of altering these facts, at least for many years to come, they rule out of court. It may fairly be argued that a discussion of such problems as land nationalisation, national dividends, an all-round increase in wages, and comprehensive regional and town-planning for the future are outside the scope of this review, but, with the exception of rates equalisation, there is no hint of the necessity for radical change. "It is important," the authors tell us, "that the problems of housing should be distinguished from the problems of poverty"—but the very existence of their report, and the fact that there was so imperative a need to write it, prove that the problems are inseparable. To give one minor illustration. The report points out that in some new housing schemes the amount of window space involves poor tenants in too much expense for heating rooms and providing curtains, and that electric and gas coppers are luxuries much appreciated by those who can afford them, but poor comfort when there is insufficient food in the house. All this is true, but what are the implications? That we must build houses and flats which are out of date before they are erected That the poor, as usual, must accept not only poverty but relative darkness and drudgery. This is no exaggeration. There are only too many flats going up in London now where the lower floors are quite insufficiently lighted, and the old types of copper (which incidentally add to capital costs for flues) fill the minute kitchens with dirt and smoke.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POETS

The Oxford Book of Seventeenth-Century Verse. Chosen by H. J. C. GRIERSON and G. BULLOUGH. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Metaphysical Poets: Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne. By J. B. LEISHMAN. *Oxford.* 10*s.*

A theological student once wrote in a class essay: "As St. Paul admirably says. . . ." This was given back with a red line through "admirably," and the comment: Never praise an apostle. It is a rule one can never break without uncomfortable sensations, but the reviewer, unfortunately, has no choice. So I had better say at once that Prof. Grierson and his colleagues have produced an entirely admirable book: the important poets are represented in every vein, and the most obscure get as much of the limelight as is good for them.

Almost the first thing that strikes one is the predominance, in this period, of religious verse. Milton bursts through the rather narrow category: but, leaving him out, the list is still impressive—George Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Traherne, and a number of lesser luminaries such as Francis Quarles, whose homely *Divine Fancies*, so well represented here, greatly outshine the more pretentious *Emblemes*, the anthologist's accustomed prey. And almost all the poets of the time had religion as at least a second string: Donne, Herrick and Marvell are characteristic of their age. But though the religious theme was common, there is no striking prevalence of the religious attitude: Donne and Herbert, for instance, made poetry out of their struggles to acquire it. For religious feeling I should put Vaughan easily at the head of the list (Traherne, though a natural mystic, cannot be called a very pious one). Vaughan's best poem happens to be also the best known—his *Ascension Hymn*—(for *The World*, with its wonderful spacious opening, does not keep up). But it is scarcely the most characteristic, and the same may be said of *Peace* and *The Retreate*: anthologies, if we accept Prof. Grierson's *Metaphysical Poets*, have hitherto given a false view of Vaughan. In the main, his successes appear little more than exquisite accidents; for metrical imbecility and verbal weakness he is almost unrivalled on his own level. It is kind to speak of the "rhythms of conversation," but Vaughan's rhythms are usually mere jerks, at least when he is

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On October 27th, *The New Statesman and Nation* reproduced the verbatim record of the conversation between Stalin and Wells during the latter's recent visit to Moscow. Every one was interested; partly because a clash of views between two such distinguished men is exciting in itself, and even more because the issues raised in their conversation are of the most profound importance to all of us in Western Europe. What is meant by the "class-war"? How far must old definitions be modified by the development of the new technical class? Was Marx substantially right? or is he an out-of-date nuisance? How much intellectual freedom is there in Communist Russia? and can Soviet writers be brought into closer contact with those of Western Europe? These questions were vigorously taken up in successive issues of *The New Statesman and Nation* by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. J. M. Keynes, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Ernst Toller, and by other correspondents. The original conversation between Stalin and Wells, the articles that followed, and some of the high spots of the subsequent correspondence are reprinted in this pamphlet, which has a cover design by LOW and includes reproductions of his Wells, Shaw and Keynes caricatures.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

writing "cutted and broken" verse in imitation of Herbert. He seems to have had just ear enough to be uneasy about them, for he is constantly sliding off into regularity. But now and then, as in "I walked the other day," the broken lines suggest an almost dumb pathos, a whispered self-communing that just reaches the attentive ear. And there are scarcely any more *beautiful* poems than some of Vaughan's.

I cannot say as much for Traherne. Frankly, he does not seem to me a very good poet, though an interesting one; I suspect that admirers are taken in by his splendid prose and his extreme originality. Like and unlike Vaughan, he has not much ear but apparently no misgivings; when Mr. Housman spoke of verse "cut into lengths and tied into faggots by deaf mathematicians," he described Traherne's usual practice to a hair. Moreover, that consciously childlike attitude is never quite far enough from the ridiculous. But Traherne wrote two or three fine poems, and here they are. I cannot understand why anthologists have so long left *Christmas Day* out in the cold—and by the way, there are at least five Christmas poems in this volume, all by different hands, all excellent and quite unlike each other. And that is not counting Drummond's *Nativity* sonnet, a charming piece, as near the sublime as Drummond was capable of rising.

The seventeenth century having become a battle-ground, one should back one's side. I do not find, then, that this book impresses one with the superiority of "thoughtful" verse, or that on passing from, say, Lord Herbert's *Ode* to Suckling's *Ballad on a Wedding*, one feels at all let down. Demands for intellect, "hardness," or what not in poetry are puffed away by a mouthful of air like Herrick's *Robin Redbreast*, an almost insolent triumph without sense or even sincerity to recommend it. Also, the deterioration of the lyric is abundantly illustrated in these pages; by the end of the century it had grown flat-footed and rather vulgar. Compare the song-books of the sixteen-eighties—at their best, I mean—with the Elizabethan song-books: compare *Fain would I change that note* with *Phyllis is my only joy*, or even with Dryden's songs, excellent on their own level. The lyric, one feels, needed a good long rest. And one may say this without injustice to a period rich in admirable work; the age that produced such poems as the *Religio Laici* did no bad thing.

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Mr. Leishman's book is professedly introductory. Each section contains a biographical sketch, and a critical survey interspersed with poems—a very adequate brief anthology. It is unpretentious work, excellently done; I doubt if one could have a better introduction to these Metaphysicals. K. JOHN

Cervantes

A Man Called Cervantes. By BRUNO FRANK. Translated by H. T. LOWE PORTER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

I read this book with deep emotion, and as I read it, I thought: Thus indeed must the life of this great writer have been, thus and not otherwise; a poet has called it into life again—*ecce homo!*

There is noticeable at the present time a keen interest in biography. In the confusion of the times people seek a meaning in the ideas and life of others, hope for some gain in practical wisdom, but learn in the end that experience is not to be purchased, that it must be lived. In the inexplicable school of life everyone has to pass through the same classes. At the end of the year each is given a certificate showing whether he has learned and profited from sorrow and renunciation, hope and defeat, faith and disillusion. In the infants' school the pupils can deceive the master: with a few easy alterations they can use the copy-books of previous classes. But the older ones deceive only themselves if they attempt the same; nothing is given to them, no lesson or play-time; every field must be ploughed up, every grain of corn must be milled. But nevertheless the copy-books of others have a significance: they may give us strength to endure our own roads, our own despairs, struggles, fate.

Bruno Frank's book is both history and poetry. It is a unity of the two. It portrays the background of the sixteenth century with truth and wide knowledge, and presents everything about Cervantes' life that is actually known. Comparing this novel with the best critical biography—that of Fitzmaurice Kelly—it will be found that the available material has been handled with conscientiousness. But in Cervantes' life there are years of complete obscurity and practically nothing is known of the people—women, relatives, friends and enemies—who surrounded him but their names. This meagre outline Bruno Frank has filled with life.

He begins with Cervantes' youth, when the poet had a menial position in the household of a Roman Cardinal. A little later he fought under Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto. A shot carried away his left hand. On the return to Spain Barbary pirates attacked his ship, and he spent five years as a slave in Algiers, a victim of the violence of those robber-kings who at that time ravaged the Mediterranean. Ransomed at last, he wandered through Spain as a beggar. Lope de Vega's tremendously fruitful genius stood in the way of his literary success, and he sank to the lowest level of the Madrid Bohemia. At last, simply to keep alive, he accepted a dismal occupation and became a tax-collector. On his mule he travelled through the country requisitioning corn for Philip's great Armada. He was no arithmetician and his accounts were always wrong. His careless good-nature at last brought him to prison in Seville, and here, reflecting on his tragic, poverty-stricken variegated life he began at the age of sixty to write *Don Quixote*. The applause of the criminals and vagabonds to whom he read his first chapter gave him his first indication of future fame.

The whole life of this great man and poet was a novel, more adventurous than that of the most historically famous adventurer. *Cervantes* is the most mature of Bruno Frank's books.

What fine masculine prose! What clear portrayal of private and public events! In no other book have I encountered a sharper portrait of Philip of Spain; in no history a more vivid presentation of military expeditions: the oppression of nations, plunderings, religious fanaticism, the insanity of the Inquisition seeking to establish the purity of blood of people in whose veins ran the blood of Iberians, Basques, Celts, Phoenicians, Romans, Vandals, Jews, Arabs, Berbers and Goths.

Bruno Frank belongs to those German writers whose books and plays Herr Goebbels would graciously permit in the great Germany behind the barbed wire, if they will give an assurance "that they have never worked for the opposition papers appearing abroad nor will ever do so." He is not to be tempted by success and money which must be so bought. And so his name, too, is among the banned ones. He has deserved the honour. His book proves it. ERNST TOLLER

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Nonesuch News

The Nonesuch Press has published FIVE — not fifty nor even fifteen like its greater brethren in the trade — books this winter. By thus restricting its programme it can promise a special virtue in each of its publications.

THE GREEK PORTRAIT: An Anthology of English Verse Translations of the Greek Poets (Homer to Meleager) with the corresponding Greek Text. Edited by G. Rostrevor Hamilton; with three illustrations by Mariette Lydis. Medium 8vo, printed on Pannekoek paper in Lutetia roman and 17th century Greek types. The edition is limited to 425 copies for England and America, price £2 2s. *Now ready.*

This is the most handsome of the winter batch of Nonesuch books, but it does not depend upon its looks. It is, if not a scholar's, at least a scholarly, gift-book of that poetry which is acknowledged to be one of the finest flowers of man's culture.

Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton has ransacked the book-shelves for poems and passages which give a worthy idea of the Greek and are enjoyable in their own right. Some thirty Greek poets are represented, and nearly double that number of translators, the earliest version dating from 1570 and the latest from 1934.

The edition is embellished with three new drawings by Mariette Lydis, made for this book. Madame Lydis's work in book decoration is famous on the Continent (where her pictures hang in the Luxembourg in Paris, the Albertina in Vienna, and the Uffizi in Florence) but this is the first English book to be graced by her exquisite drawings.

THE DEVIL AND ALL: by John Collier. A total of 1000 copies for England and America. Signed by the Author. Demy 8vo. Price 12s. 6d.

The Nonesuch Press has produced in limited editions only two other works of fiction — George Moore's *Ulick and Soracha*, D. H. Lawrence's *Love Among the Haystacks*. (Both these modern firsts are at a premium.) These six stories by John (His-Monkey-Wife) Collier come worthily into the list.

SEA-SEQUEL to the Week-End Book. 564 pages, 6s. "Sea lore, poetry and prose of the sea, tales of high adventure, mutiny, piracy, shipwreck and mystery, comforting remedies against sea-dangers, hints on games and dress, songs and music, and graver instruction on seamanship and sea-lore — everything is neatly packed for enjoyment in this one-volume library." *The Morning Post.*

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THIRD DEGREE

The Torquemada Puzzle Book. By "TORQUEMADA." *Gollancz.* 6s.

The Sphinx Problem Book. By HUBERT PHILLIPS. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

It must have been about the middle of 1922 that a friend showed me the *Observer* one Sunday with the remark: "Here's a marvellous new crossword that should interest you; I can't make head or tail of it." He was right; that day saw the accession of Torquemada to the Chiasmologian throne, and this book is his coronation. He brought to the then stolid game of crosswords a new, scholarly and subtle wit, and raised his standard high above the turgid morass of *emu*, *Ra* and *ire*, and the yet more hellish underworld of alternative solutions.

In this book we begin with a dissertation on the theory and practice of "crossing words," followed by twenty-four new crosswords of great variety. In these the author remains faithful to his traditional line-stop puzzle, which is much more difficult to construct, though easier to solve, than the block-stop sort. This difficulty, however, varies with the ratio squares : stops, and Torquemada has always been rather liberal of stops. Then follows a very pandemonium, beginning with "straight" acrostics with multiple and patterned variants, anagrams of all sorts, spoonerisms, and what he calls verbal games; verbal these certainly are, but games only for giants, though lesser men might play them in a lower key. Then come some fifty pages of solutions, in which we welcome once more *teledu*, the stinking badger (of Java), though I could not find another cherished term of abuse: *torgoch*, the red-bellied char.

The book ends with a hundred-page thriller, in which the pages, nearly every one of which begins with a capital letter and ends with a full stop, are completely dis-ordered. The solver's task is to rearrange these in their correct and "inevitable" order and make certain deductions from the resulting story so as to qualify for a prize of £25; he will have earned it.

Finally there is a supply of tracing-paper, not very easy to write on, so that solvers of the crosswords need give nothing away to those who come after, while for the faint at heart who have not yet sunk to the last infamy of cribbing there is a vocabulary, without references, of all words necessary for solving the cross-words.

The second of these two delightfully-irritating books deals not with puzzles but with problems, and is by "Caliban," for some years past the sting in the tail of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and is of a different order but no less degree of subtle ingenuity. It is dedicated to his fellow-members of the Sphinx Club, who, though they rejoice in every sort of intellectual pastime, exhibit but few other signs of eccentricity, and it will be avidly welcomed by that large and growing band of enthusiasts who are encouraged by the modern popularity of bridge and crosswords to practise openly the sports that in the dark and stodgy days of long ago would have imperilled their liberty.

It must not, however, be assumed that the hundred problems that make up this fascinating book require more than a modicum of mathematical or other knowledge. In the admirable analysis which constitutes most of his preface, "Caliban" (for it is under that name that Hubert Phillips has endeared himself to so many) classifies the 245 problems which he has selected for publication in book form in *The Week-End*, *Caliban's* and *The Sphinx* problem books under some fifteen headings, which their diversity of theme renders no mean task in itself, and lays down his four desiderata for a good problem of the inferential-mathematical sort, which predominates in this book. He says that (1) the problem must not be capable of solution by trial-and-error alone, (2) the line of approach must be well concealed (and it is especially in this respect that his construction is masterly), (3) while the problem must have a mathematical basis, "few in this book call for greater mathematical knowledge than is possessed by an intelligent schoolboy," and (4) non-mathematical considerations must also be required to effect a solution. In other words, to solve what he regards as a good problem requires a considerable degree of intelligence, salted with intellect. He might have added, had he not, no doubt, thought it too obvious for remark, that there should be a solution, and only one solution, and not a single unnecessary datum, and in these two requirements lies most of the really hard work of construction.

The problems seem to be arranged more or less in order of difficulty, and the breadth of appeal of the book is much enhanced by the clear and ample solution of every problem, nicely segregated in the second half of the book, so as to afford no serious temptation to those whose steps are apt to falter. This is emphatically a book to buy and gloat over, and it will easily go into a pocket (and don't forget a pencil and paper). But don't lend it; you'll never get it back.

G. STRUAN MARSHALL

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The Diamond Ransom Murders. By NELLISE CHILD. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Agatha Christie and Mr. Van Dine are great minds that think alike on the awkward problems of the detective novelist, and consequently they have hit on much the same formula for mystifying and entertaining their countless public—a formula which has never yet failed to work. Is the detective to have any human interest? Certainly not, because a character drawn to life would be nothing but a hostage in the battle of wits with a clever reader—and all readers to-day are clever as cats. If the detective is allowed a mind, they pounce on his mental processes, for clues to the criminal; if he has a heart, that eliminates the possibility of the beautiful lady, and if he has a moral code they can be sure the crime will not be brought home to an old Etonian. So, wisely, Poirot and Philo Vance go their unreal ways like automata, employing such an outlandish jargon for their utterance that even the most analytical reader has never been able to get a hint of the solution from anything they say. The second element in the Van Dine-Christie formula concerns the criminal. In fairness to the reader the crime ought never to be fastened on a minor character in the plot or a scapegoat who crops up in the last chapter. This is a common resource of less talented writers, but is most irritating, however successful it may be in concealing

the mouse from those clever cats ; for it makes the bulk of the story a mere waste of time and trouble for the conscientious reader. In a Van Dine book you may be confident that the criminal will be a prominent character and play a prominent part throughout. But how then does one not spot him either by the clues or a process of elimination ? Because there are too many clues all leading in opposite directions and one is never given a chance to eliminate. You are never allowed time to concentrate your attention. It is like the three-card trick, where Mr. Van Dine manipulates his cards too quickly for the eye to follow ; and like the three-card trick it holds an eternal fascination. In *The Casino Murder Case* the egregious Philo Vance is set to find a poisoner. He receives an anonymous letter warning him that something terrible is about to happen in the Llewellyn family ; and sure enough it does. The Llewellyns drop poisoned right and left ; and as they are " a pathological household " with every member " tangential to the norm " (to use Mr. Van Dine's expressive vocabulary), they can none of them escape our suspicion. To add to the dilemma, there is the family doctor, who is in love with Miss Llewellyn, and Bloodgood, a brilliant mathematician and chemist, with " prominent Darwinian ears," attached to the same Miss Llewellyn, who acts as chief croupier in the " Casino " gambling club run by one of the Llewellyn family. We are incidentally privileged to spend an evening with Vance at this exclusive resort and watch 40,000 dollars change hands before the poison gets to work. And what is the nature of the poison ? That alone constitutes a formidable problem for the toxicologists until Philo helps them out. The solution is intensely dramatic, quite unexpected, and completely satisfactory. Again the quickness of the hand deceived my eye, and I must congratulate Mr. Van Dine on having done the trick better than in any of the Vance series since *The Greene Murder Case*. I hope to do better next time—in *The Garden Murder Case*, which we are promised for the future.

Mystery Villa, by that highly reputable author, Mr. Punshon, does nothing to raise or lower his reputation. It is a stock line of goods for the British market, a typical sterling product. The plot is a good one, the detective, Bobby Owen (B.A. Oxon, pass degree) recently promoted to Sergeant in the Metropolitan Police for his services in several previous detective stories, is modelled on Inspector French, following a long, long trail but never giving up, though often tempted to ; the criminal, unfortunately, has to be a fool ; and the lovers are simply a nuisance. The story concerns the strange happenings in a suburban villa tenanted by a eccentric old lady—I am afraid any further details given might spoil the excitement which I can promise readers who do not expect too much from our overworked detective writers.

The joint authors of *The Jury Disagree* have composed a detective story of a new kind. We are introduced into the jury-room during the trial of J. H. Tanner for the murder of his wife, at the moment when the jury have to decide on their verdict. The evidence given in the case is gone into in the greatest detail, and naturally the reader is tempted to record a private verdict of his own, much as one does in real life on reading the press reports of an Old Bailey trial. This is an agreeable exercise, but not a very profitable one in a novel ; so the authors are obliging enough to satisfy all our doubts by letting the true facts of the Tanner case emerge in a sort of appendix. As an attempt to write a detective story from a new angle the book has interest, but it is hardly likely to start a stampede from the conventional method.

I cannot endure the comic knockabout couple of detectives in *Quick Curtain*. " May I ask a question ? " says Wilson *fils*. " It's a waste of time, I know all the answers," says Wilson *père*, is a sample of the backchat they indulge in even at breakfast. The leading tenor in a new musical comedy is shot dead on the stage at the first performance ; and the combined efforts of this dreary partnership to saddle the crime on anyone but the person who shot him, end, very properly, in a grand fiasco. *The Diamond Ransom Murders* occur at Los Angeles in a world of kidnapped millionaires and racketeers. I gave up counting how many people lost their lives before the end. Young Jerry Irish, the police lieutenant, is a fast worker, but never fast enough to make an arrest. His speed, however, in the bedroom of Mavis Stollmeyer, a suspect with a skin like a velvet peach, is a credit to the Californian force. After dutifully protesting " I am practically impotent when I'm on a case," he takes a bite out of the peach. . . . " felt powerful after it, and rested," and managed to carry away with him " a memory of dark splendour, feeling her flesh like two gentle hands against his thighs." After all the dollars have changed hands and the coffins are nailed up I like to think of Jerry Irish going back to Mavis off duty.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

PROGRESS AND POVERTY

The Economic Consequences of Progress. By ROY GLENDAY. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Glenday is an Economic Adviser to the Federation of British Industries, and his book has large pretentions. He lashes out right and left, both at the theoretical economists and at the entire set of assumptions on which most economic thinking has hitherto been based. He is sure that he has found a scientific clue to the understanding of economic processes and that he is in a position, in the light of this understanding, to point out to us the way that we should travel in order to avoid disaster. Mr. Glenday's attitude compels the reader to judge his book by an exceptionally high standard.

Broadly, Mr. Glenday's opening thesis is that it is meaningless to consider our economic problems except in relation to the " structure " of the economic society within which they exist. He conceives of this structure as having qualities akin to those of animal and other " structures " in the world of physical nature, and therefore as possessing only limited and definite capacities for growth. So far there should be wide agreement with his point of view ; for the defect of classical economic doctrines has been their failure to appreciate the importance of the institutional structure of society and their attempt to proclaim universal economic truths valid for all time without reference to historical conditions. Mr. Glenday is certainly right in contending that no problem of economic life can be fruitfully discussed except in relation to a particular set of historical circumstances and conditions.

If Mr. Glenday went no further than this, his argument would be valid and important, but not novel. For at least from the time of Marx there have been schools of economic thinkers, by no means only among Socialists, who have recognised the necessity for this institutional approach. But Mr. Glenday does in fact go a great deal further. For he contends not only that the institutional structure is of fundamental importance in determining the capacity for growth, but also that the process of growth in economic societies follows a particular predetermined course—that of the " S curve." This conclusion appears, however, to be based rather

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on a series of metaphors and analogies than on any conclusive argument, though Mr. Glenday does attempt to back up his thesis by invoking the statistics of nineteenth century economic development. Throughout his book he shows too much fondness for the method of argument from analogy, describing the phenomena of development in the animal kingdom and then asserting dogmatically that human societies necessarily follow a similar course.

Now it is possible to agree with Mr. Glenday that in the world as a whole the capitalist system is to-day reaching a phase of what he calls "congestion," because the gradual opening up of new countries by the process of foreign investment has produced a situation in which the leading capitalist Powers are competing more and more intensively one with another for openings for trade and investment and are finding increasing difficulty in disposing of the products of their rapidly advancing technical systems. We could follow him further in agreeing that this "congestion" is leading to a growth of economic nationalism, under which countries depend more on their own resources and endeavour increasingly to shut out foreign products in order to secure the home market for their own output. We can agree that this process, which reduces their capacity of sustaining a growing population at a rising standard of life, is under existing conditions the inevitable outcome of imperialist rivalry and economic competition, and that, if the limitations of the existing economic system are to be accepted, there is no way of escape from the conclusion that the western world is doomed to an abandonment of the nineteenth century ideals of material progress and the substitution of other non-material ideas as the condition of successful accommodation to its changed environment.

But is Mr. Glenday right in assuming, as he does virtually without argument, that these limitations have to be accepted? The conclusion to which his argument leads him is that, in face of the limitations of the existing industrial structure, the advanced societies of the western world must learn to control both their numbers and their output of goods; and he conceives of this control as being in both cases designed to achieve restriction and not increase. He therefore stands for those policies in the economic field which will plan industry with the object not of releasing the pent-up powers of production, but rather of accommodating output to the demands of an increasingly congested market. But this surely is to become the slave of the structure and to abandon all hope that by changing it man may be able to make use of the expanding technical powers of production which are admittedly at his command.

Even if Mr. Glenday were right about his "S curve," it would not follow that mankind, or any particular society of men, had to remain within the limiting conditions involved in accepting as permanent the existing structure of production. The more rational conclusion would be that, if the structure of production has arrived at the point at which congestion has become unavoidable, the structure should be so changed as to alter the conditions and so remove the limits to expansion which result from accommodating output to existing demand rather than expanding production up to the limit of human needs and reasonable wants. Mr. Glenday takes refuge from this rational conclusion by proclaiming, rather after the manner of the Nazis and of Signor Mussolini in his more Hegelian moments, an ideal of non-material advancement and of the ascetic life. Against industrialism he quotes D. H. Lawrence:

> Step aside, step out from the entanglement of the giggling machine
> That sprawls over life in iron imbecility
> Softly, subtly, secretly, saying nothing.
> Step aside, step out of it, it is eating you up.

That is all very well—for a person who has enough to live on, and can afford to be ascetic when he feels like it. But how would it appeal to the great mass of people who, even in our advanced western countries, still go deplorably short of the means of tolerable living, and above all to the unemployed whom Mr. Glenday's rational control of production threatens with lifelong idleness—without the material means to convert it into leisure—until his no less rational control of population has succeeded in eliminating "surplus labour"? Mr. Glenday, as Adviser to the Federation of British Industries, can hardly be expected to advise his employers that the existing industrial structure ought to be scrapped. But that is really the conclusion that emerges from his initial argument.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Second Five Year Plan of Development of the U.S.S.R. By W. P. COATES and ZELDA K. COATES. *Methuen.* 3s. 6d.

This is an extremely useful little book. It summarises very clearly the achievements of the First Five Year Plan, and then sets out the aims and estimates of the Second, which began in 1933, and its actual progress so far. The facts and figures have all been taken from official Soviet sources, and they tell a story which, though well known, is none the less remarkable. There was between 1928 and 1932 an enormous increase in agricultural and industrial production (in the heavy industries more than the light), in the social services—in practically everything, in fact, except hours of work and bugs. The Second Plan, to judge by the information we have, should prove equally successful, and in one point, the provision of consumers' goods, even more successful, we may hope. In the tables given by Mr. and Mrs. Coates there are interesting figures relating not only to output, but to population, numbers of workers and wages. The total population of the country was 154,200,000 in 1928, 165,700,000 in 1932, and is expected to reach 180,700,000 in 1937. The average wages in a number of the principal industries show very substantial rises (varying from 29 per cent. in the leather and shoe trade to 93 per cent. in coal mining) between 1928 and 1932. But these are money wages. There are no price figures to help us to calculate the advance in real wages.

Erasmus. By P. S. ALLEN. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Under this title are gathered together lectures delivered on various occasions by the late Dr. P. S. Allen. They include a short but comprehensive biography; important essays on Erasmus' services to learning, his work, his relations with his printers; an essay on the Trilingual Colleges of the Early 16th Century; an essay on Christopher Plantin and his Circle; and, finally, a delightful paper under the heading Erasmian Wayfarings, which is an account of visits paid by Dr. and Mrs. Allen to Alcala, Simancas, Montbenoît, Provins, Thann, in an effort to recapture the spirit of the places with which Erasmus' life and work were so intimately connected. Dr. Allen has that unusual gift in the specialist of being able to make his subject intelligible and interesting to the layman. His scholarly interpretation of Erasmus' writings is impregnated with observations on his life and extracts from his letters which make this book a biography and a history at the same time. The general reader who is interested in the effect of the Renaissance on learning will find Dr. Allen an invaluable guide; and the student of sixteenth-century Europe cannot afford to overlook this important work.

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Gerald: A Portrait. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

This study of Gerald du Maurier by his daughter is remarkable for its frankness, its insight, and its sincerity. It is not only a very vivid and convincing portrait, it is also a conversation piece that shows us its subject against a background of three generations. It opens with pleasing sketches of his father, mother, brother and sisters, and of his peculiar status in his family, a status that was to affect the whole of his life. He was a spoilt child from the beginning, a spoilt child to the end. He loved to amuse and he loved to be admired, and he chose the one profession that gave him full scope for the attainment of these twin desires. Whenever life ceased to entertain him he was plunged at once in misery; hence, as no life can be a continual frolic, he spent much of his later years in flights from boredom. It is this sense of one-half of a half-fulfilled personality fleeing from the other half, that gives this portrait its curiously compelling power. Of du Maurier the actor, producer, manager, and boon companion we see much, but it is the man behind the scenes, when the curtain is down and the lights are out, that dominates the book and lives in our memory.

A Stuart Portrait. By ALICE BUCHAN. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Elizabeth, Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia, the ancestress of the House of Hanover, had in abundance that curious power of attraction that was common to all the Stuarts, even the most worthless: the power that has made her grandmother a legend of romance; that caused Robert Cecil to write of her father as if he had been a figure of majesty and that led all manner of people to waste fortunes and lives in their cause. Elizabeth seems to have been one of the most likeable of her family. Gay and pleasure-loving, provided there was amusement in plenty she was as happy in ragged as in velvet luck. Here is a pleasant little study of the Princess, her family and her friends; and as Miss Buchan has set them all firmly in their time, it would perhaps be truer to describe the book as a short monograph of the world in which she and her husband moved so blindly than as a portrait, for though the portrait is there, it is overshadowed by its background.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE third volume of the Sibelius Society is the least sensational, but the most valuable of the series, consisting of two works, the string quartet, "Voces Intimae," Op. 56, and the 6th Symphony, Op. 104, which, though representing the composer at his best, are apt to be overlooked even by his followers. Performances of either are regettably few, the more so as neither is the type of work to yield up its secrets at a first hearing. Not that the 6th Symphony offers any problems regarded as pure sound—rarely can a composer have been content with so modest a tonal range. The difficulty of appreciating No. 6 is due to the elliptical nature of the composer's thought, to the contrast between the subtlety of the emotional content and its extremely bare presentation.

The string quartet, a work of less importance, but of great charm, is very much easier going at a first hearing. The harmonic vocabulary is of the simplest and the interest of the work lies in the fascinating conclusions, the unexpected developments which the composer draws from his initial melodic statements. One can admire, incidentally, his astonishingly just sense of the medium, a rare quality in twentieth-century quartets.

"Voces Intimae" is played extremely well by the Budapest Quartet and very sonorously recorded. The performance and recording of the Symphony are sound, but not so brilliant.

The Finnish Orchestra is at its best in works like the 6th Symphony, which call for intimate understanding rather than extreme technical brilliance, but the recording does not quite do them justice. The 3rd Movement, in particular, is less effective than it should be, partly because of the recording, partly because it is taken at a speed which, effective enough in the concert hall, is a little too brisk to "register" on the gramophone, and partly because for reasons of space it begins too soon after the 2nd Movement. If, however, the listener bears these facts in mind, he will find the recording taken as a whole a very good presentation of one of Sibelius's most distinguished and personal works. This album should go far to dispel the bogy raised by Mr. W. J. Turner in this paper a few weeks ago, when with the appropriate dramatic air of a character in a Victorian novel saying, "I hear her mother was an actress," he announced that Sibelius was like Grieg! There are fifty answers to this, of which the first is "Who cares?" and the fiftieth is "In any case it isn't so." As for Mr. Turner's unwieldy and echolaliac syllogism: Wagner was a villain—Grieg was a minor composer—Delius derives from both—Sibelius derives from Grieg—people who like Delius like Sibelius, therefore, both Delius and Sibelius are villains and minor composers—it simply will not hold water at any point. There is more direct influence of Grieg to be discovered in the music of Erik Satie than in the music of Sibelius. Mr. Turner has no doubt been irritated by the way in which conductors who do not care to cope with the ungrateful problems (ungrateful, that is, from the virtuoso's point of view) of Symphonies 4, 6, and 7, have been plugging those works which, though neither rhetorical nor meretriciously picturesque, are capable of such an interpretation in the hands of a superficial or unsympathetic critic. I should be genuinely grateful to anyone who can point out to me any suggestion of either Grieg or Delius in Sibelius' 6th Symphony. Surely there is no work of his of which we can quote more aptly the closing statement of the admirably sane and non-partisan article in Grove: "His work is neither deliberately modern nor studiedly archaic; it is simply, in its most characteristic manifestations, unlike any other music."

* * *

Pundits have laid it down, some time ago, that no virtuoso can be a good composer, thus conveniently saving us the trouble of listening carefully to the works of any distinguished executant. Even Liszt and Busoni, two of the most important figures in the development of composition, are still classed as pianist-composers, like Padarevsky, so what hope is there for the minor figures, like Paganini? I am glad to see that Menuhin's virtuosity has been the means of reviving interest in Paganini's music, and that he has recorded Paganini's 1st Concerto, Op. 6 (H.M.V. five 12in., DB 2279–83, with a perpetuum mobile by Nováček on the tenth side). Nobody will pretend that this is great music, but it is a most agreeable vehicle for the virtuosity of the soloist, in every way superior to the soloist's concertos of the later nineteenth century. Paganini seems to have modelled his style on Rossini and his music has the same crispness, finish and what one can only describe as an essentially Latin classicism even in its most care-free movements. The finale is delightful throughout and there are good things in the other two movements, though the vertiginous cadenza (by Sauret) holds things up too much. There is no way of describing Menuhin's playing except by a purple-patch in the style of Heine's *Florentine Nights*. Some people I know have an ingrained dislike of acrobatics on the violin, but if you like them at all, then this is the record to get

Life & Letters

DECEMBER

G. K. CHESTERTON on "The Pantomime"

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This is all by way of parrying before making this week's thrust—which is to tell you how very good we are at dress clothes. Proof is stronger than fiction! A Goss Customer met a Savile Row Tailor at a dinner. No tailor can resist the temptation of casting a critical eye over a good suit. Having done this, Mr. S. R. T. said that he didn't remember seeing Mr. G. C.'s name on his books, yet he felt certain that his dress suit could only have come from his own establishment, and he mentioned a famous Savile Row name. "I must disappoint you," our customer said, "but I am glad that Goss can satisfy *your* expert eye and *my* limited purse."

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Sibelius and Paganini both being on debatable ground, the above records are best considered as presents for oneself. This being Christmas, I had better suggest a safer selection of presents for others. First of all, the William Tell Overture, played by Beecham and the L.P.O. (Columbia, two 12in., LX 339–40, with two fragments of Handel on the fourth side). This is a superb piece of playing and recording—will please everyone except the serious lowbrow who may think you are " getting at him " if you give it him. For less robust tastes there is a delightful Mozart Divertimento in D major for Strings and Horns, conducted by Harty and played also by the L.P.O. (Columbia, three 12in., LX 349–51). An excellent piece of work all round. Coupled with this one may recommend the Budapest String Quartet's playing of the little D Major Quartet of Mozart (K 499), not the greatest of the quartets by any means, but a work of unique charm (H.M.V., three 12in., DB 228–30). For the serious-minded there is Edwin Fischer's fine playing of Schubert's " Wanderer " Fantasia (H.M.V., four 12in., DB 2276–9) and for the frankly low-brow, Delibes' " Sylvia " Suite, conducted by John Barbirolli (H.M.V., two 12in., C 2695–6).

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Mr. Ivor Brown's report will appear in our issue of January 5, 1935.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

BURBERRYS

Annual SALE

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Many colours, including dark and medium grey, with proofed check lining, in sizes from 36" to 50" chest, lengths from 42" to 52". SALE PRICE 75/-

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Cheviot and Scotch wool materials. Town or Country. Usual price 8 gns. SALE PRICE 87/6

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Single-Breasted Lounge Suits Saxonies, Worsteds and Cheviots. Usual price 9 gns. SALE PRICE £5-10-0

MEN'S OVERCOATS

Harris Tweed, Weatheralls and Robustors. The Robustor has patch pockets, the Weatherall patch or slit pockets. Usual price 7½ gns. SALE PRICE £5-17-6

TWEED CHESTERFIELDS. Double and Single-Breasted. Usual price 8 to 10 gns SALE PRICE £6-6-0

LADIES' OVERCOATS

Cheviots, Homespuns and Saxonies in variety. Single- & Double-Breasted, belted. SALE PRICE from 4 Gns.

Other models, navy blue and dark grey only, *fully lined with crepe*. SALE PRICE 6 Gns.

COSTUMES

TWEEDS, HARRIS and CHEVIOTS: DOUBLE BREASTED Sale Price 6½ Gns.

SINGLE BREASTED Sale Price 6½ Gns.

SINGLE BREASTED (belted) Sale Price 6½ Gns.

Write for SALE LIST No. SL47

ALL ALTERATIONS FREE OF CHARGE — ALL GARMENTS SENT POST FREE

BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

RESULT OF COMPETITION 246

Set by Flora Grierson

An energetic but unprincipled publisher of Christmas cards finds his market is being restricted by (1) the religious prejudices of Communists, (2) the racial prejudices of the supporters of Sir Oswald Mosley, and (3) the national prejudices of all who have invested in armaments. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for three verses suitable for greeting-cards. All three must remain relevant to Christmas as a Christian festival, but while two of them should surmount the prejudices of (2) and (3), the third must not arouse the hostility or suspicions of (1). And each must introduce a discreet element of propaganda appropriate to its own group. No verse must consist of more than eight lines.

Report by Flora Grierson

A competitor suggests that, in judging this competition, I have set myself a task more complicated than I wot of. But actually the task was simplified by the fact that only one competitor sent in three verses that were equally successful in every respect. I asked for *discreet* propaganda: much that I received was purely derisive. Barquest is delightfully allusive in two of his verses and had the pleasant idea of a corporate Christmas dinner at which—

everyone invited
Shall with his turkey take a slice of ham,

a suggestion which several other competitors also used quite ingeniously. His greeting for armament investors is very neat:

Peace and Good Will to small and great!
But not for too prolonged a term,
Lest too much peace depreciate
The goodwill of our bounteous Firm.

But for practical purposes this is, I fear, insufficiently hypocritical. The same objection applies to William Bliss, whose other verses are excellent, and to Syntax, whose best lines are also the most unsuitable:

So with holly and bells,
And a volley of shells,
I am sending this message to greet you.

H. C. Hopkinson's propaganda for Communism is not apposite, but he has caught the authentic note of the sabre-rattler in " The finest Christmas setting is a European War."

Hardly anyone hit upon the most convincing arguments which are surely (1) for the Mosleyite that the Jews denied Christ, (2) for the Communist that Christ was a poor man and a Communist, (3) for the armament people, *si vis pacem, para bellum*. And of those few only three were at once witty and saleable. So I suggest that the first prize (£1 11s. 6d.) be awarded to J. A. McLean, for three verses which would illustrate well and take in quite a number of well-meaning people, in spite of a rhyme in the last couplet, which is extremely painful to Scottish ears. The second prize (10s. 6d. each) I should like to share between D. J. Newman, whose Communist verse is spoilt by a clumsy and cacophonous last line, and Cunctator, whose Mosleyite verse falls distinctly below D. J. Newman's version of the same sentiment.

FIRST PRIZE

I

Dictator by the people's acclamation,
Augustus taxed the purse-proud Hebrew nation.
Rendering to Caesar his imperial due,
See Joseph nigh the inn and Mary too;
" No room! " declared the host, a knavish Jew.
Semitic scoundrels still blaspheme the birth
Of HIM, beneath Whose hand we Britons sway the earth.

II

St. Michael armed defended from all danger
Heaven's LORD and ours encradled in a manger;
His breastplate righteousness; of faith his shield;
His sword God's WORD to make the Dragon yield.
Strong Michael, still defend from knave and fool
Bethlehem, so late restored to Christian rule!

III

How dirty was that stable and how cold
Where pregnant Mary lay. The landlord sold
Their ass for rent. Joining was Joseph's trade;
Benches and tables for the inn he made,
A manger too wherein the child was laid.
" My son," said Mary from her bed of straw,
" Shall crush the mighty, and shall feed the poor! "

J. A. McLEAN

"Will Santa Claus Come?"

Thousands of poor or crippled children are thinking about Santa Claus. Ill-housed, ill-nourished, badly clothed, their lives bare from one year to another, they still cling to the hope that he will remember them. Will you be their Santa Claus? Will you send a game, a toy, warm clothing, nourishing food, money — anything, however little, just to show that *somebody* cares for them?

The

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

and R.S.U. (1844)

185 ASSOCIATED MISSIONS, 12 HOMES NOW OPEN, 8,000 CRIPPLES REGISTERED AND ASSISTED.

The Society appeals for generous support of its Christian Social Efforts carried on by 5,800 Voluntary Helpers.

Patrons: Their Majesties THE KING AND QUEEN.

Treasurer: Sir Charles Sanders, K.B.E.

GIFTS OF MONEY AND OF GOODS GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY, Mr. ARTHUR BLACK, John Kirk House, 32, John Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

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165 Guineas

July 1st to October 24th, 1935.

Terms include shore excursion at each of 17 Ports and Services of competent Leader.

Complete details are now available.

W.T.A. WINTER SPORTS. Austria and Switzerland. "All-in Terms, 9 days, from £10.12.6. (Prices from £9.9.0.)

W.T.A. CHRISTMAS PARTIES. There are now only a few vacancies at home and abroad.

W.T.A. SPRING TOURS. Inexpensive Tours to Palestine, Egypt, Ancient Greece, The Sahara, have been arranged.

Write for details of the above to

The W.T.A. Ltd., 32, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

'Phone: Vic. 7430.

COUNT EGON CORTI

THE DOWNFALL OF THREE DYNASTIES

(Hapsburgs—Romanoffs—Hohenzollerns)

Translated from the German

Illustrated 21s. net

(Note: This price was wrongly stated as 12/6 net in our announcement here on December 1st).

A brilliant survey, based on hitherto unknown sources, of the inner history of Europe during the most eventful years of the nineteenth century.

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LIBRARY REVIEW

A Quarterly Magazine for everyone interested in books

CONTENTS OF WINTER NUMBER

Specialisation and Information; by LIONEL R. McCOLVIN.
Bookish London; by DONALD CARSWELL.
A Business Girl's Bookish Fancies; by MURIEL STEEL.
Salute to a Library; by GEORGE SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

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2/- a copy, Annual Subscription 8/- (or $2).

The publisher will be pleased to send a specimen copy to any *New Statesman and Nation* reader.

LIBRARY REVIEW, COATBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

MODERN TOYS for the MODERN CHILD

A Selection from the best on sale in the shops this Christmas. A help in choosing the right toys for all sorts of children.

DAILY 9—6 *(including Saturdays) DECEMBER 13th—24th.*

Entrance Free

PAUL & MARJORIE ABBATT

29 TAVISTOCK SQUARE BLOOMSBURY W.C.1

Christmas Cheer

146,000 poor guests were entertained by The Salvation Army last Christmas in Great Britain. To every one The Salvation Army sought to impart its own spirit of hope and happiness.

In this year's great Christmas effort, Wm. Booth's daughter, Evangeline, the new General, asks for no less generous help. Please send a gift to-day to: General Evangeline Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

—pass it on through The

SALVATION ARMY

HOW TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

ONE combined subscription of 10s. 6d. will not only make you a member of the Rationalist Press Association until the end of 1935, so that you will become one of the organized body of Rationalists engaged in fighting superstition and religious obscurantism; it will also entitle you to the following:

(1) A copy of a special abridged edition of SIR JAMES FRAZER'S famous book, **The Golden Bough** (hitherto obtainable only for 18s.);

(2) **The Rationalist Annual for 1935** (now ready). Contributions by SIR ARTHUR KEITH, Professor H. J. LASKI, Professor J. B. S. HALDANE, SIR GRAFTON ELLIOT SMITH, C. E. M. JOAD, LLEWELYN POWYS, LOUIS GOLDING, SIR JOHN HAMMERTON, SIR ALEXANDER G. CARDEW, A. GOWANS WHYTE and ERNEST THURTLE.

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To The Secretary,
The Rationalist Press Association Limited,
4, 5, & 6 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

Dear Sir,—Referring to your offer in "The New Statesman and Nation" I desire to become a member of the R.P.A. Limited, and enclose **10 6**, entitling me to Membership until the end of 1935 and to the books mentioned in your offer. I agree to abide by the Rules and Regulations of the Association as set forth in the Memorandum and Articles of Association.*

[BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE]

NAME.....
[If lady, state whether Mrs. or Miss]

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION (Completion optional) .....

SIGNATURE..... DATE.....

N.S. * Copy will be sent on request

SECOND PRIZE (1)

At Christmas let's not forget
A comrade brave and true;
Who did no wrong at all and yet
Is never given his due.
His teaching, largely, we applaud
And try to put in practice;
But others subtly call him "Lord,"
This Capitalistic tact is.
I send you Christmas wishes and greetings not a few,
For at this festive season, there may be many a reason
For thinking of the Saviour—but—
Forget He was a Jew!
Hark the Herald Angels sing
Of Peace, Goodwill to men.
To this their message let us cling,
Our arms increase like anything.
Prepare ourselves for war—and Peace
Goodwill and Love will all increase.

D. J. NEWMAN

SECOND PRIZE (2)

Sing we merry Xmas,
Hands across the brine,
Christ was born in England,
Not in Palestine.
Legend so Semitic
All shall now deride;
Date your Empire-building
From this glad Yuletide.
Comrade, in this happy season,
Shrines the guiding light of Reason.
Christmas, our historians show,
Marks a tyrant's overthrow;
Christ (a carpenter, 'tis said),
Laboured by the sea so red;
Thus your general line may be
Proletarian jollity.
'Tis Christmastide, and friends we love have sent
Gifts that rain down from out the firmament.*
May this fair season bring you nothing worse
From out the skies, to stretch you on the hearse!
God loves not those whose purposes are dim:
"Fore-warned, fore-armed!"
Troll out the Christmas hymn!

CUNCTATOR

* (Pronounced 'farmament')

One of these Gift Sets of VITREOSIL
Flame-proof Lustre
COOKING WARE will delight the heart of any woman.

More beautiful than the finest porcelain but as heat-proof as an iron saucepan.

British-made by
THE THERMAL SYNDICATE LTD.,
Vitreosil Works, WALLSEND-ON-TYNE
London Depot: Thermal House, Old Pye St., S.W.1.

No. 1 set comprises: Pie Dish, 1 pint, Pie Dish, 1½ pints, Pie Dish, 2 pints, 3 Chromium-plated table stands - - - - **21/-**

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Each set securely packed in artistic box. Obtainable from Stores, China Dealers, Hardwaremen and Gas Companies. If any difficulty, please write the makers.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 103.—LAURA'S LEGACY

"When I'm twenty-one," said Laura, "I shall come into a nice bit of money."

"?" said I, lifting my eyebrows.

"Yes. My grandfather left a peculiar legacy to me and my kid sister. Every year the trustees invest for us a sum calculated as follows. They take my age in years, cube it; take my sister's age in years, cube that; subtract the latter sum from the former, and invest *that* number of pounds."

"!" said I.

"You see," went on Laura, who is no mean mathematician, "the sum to be added to the investment gets bigger every year ——"

"—— so I should imagine," said I ——

"In fact, this year, it's £1,380 more than it was the year you bought your Alfa-Romeo."

How old was Laura's kid sister when I bought my Alfa-Romeo?

PROBLEM 101.—THE JUNTA

"Hubris," the writer of the passage quoted (it is translated from the *De Civitate* of Johannes Detonator), implies, in a later passage, that Vindex gave Fulmen 3 votes. But his material is insufficient to enable this fact to be deduced. The following tables of votes given and received all comply with the hubroid data:

I

	F	P	V	C	H	B
F		2	1	5	1	1
P	3		4	1	1	1
V	1	2		1	3	3
C	2	2	2		3	1
H	2	2	1	1		4
B	2	2	2	2	2	

II

	F	P	V	C	H	B
F		2	1	5	1	1
P	3		4	1	1	1
V	2	2		2	2	2
C	2	2	1		3	2
H	2	2	1	1		4
B	1	2	3	1	3	

III

	F	P	V	C	H	B
F		2	1	5	1	1
P	1		4	1	3	1
V	3	2		1	1	3
C	2	2	2		3	1
H	2	2	1	1		4
B	2	2	2	2	2	

Other arrangements are possible. Credit will be given on the basis of two points for each of the three solutions.

PROBLEM 100.—TRIXIE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. Brandt, 14 Heathcote Street, W.C.1.

There were 52 correct solutions. *Six* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

Charity cannot end where it begins!

For the last two weeks we have attempted to guide our readers' generosity at this season, and this week three more appeals are published, together with the addresses of organisations dealt with in previous issues.

THE SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

Founded in 1844 as the Ragged School Union, this Society has now in Greater London 185 missions where 5,800 workers give their time and money to minister to human needs through infant welfare centres, day nurseries, scout and guide troops, medical missions and clubs and societies for all ages, sorts and conditions. Nearly 8,000 cripples are served by the Society's parlours, while 270 crippled and ailing children are cared for in four Seaside Residential Schools. Many of the senior disabled boys and girls are able to show themselves self-supporting by the promotion of occupational industries either in their own homes or in the Society's workshops. There are also two homes to accommodate 150 otherwise homeless children. This year the Society has opened three mission centres on Housing Estates in outer London and it is anxious to meet similar needs in other areas. One of the greatest tasks undertaken each year is the arrangement of holiday centres and last summer over 12,000 children from overcrowded homes and dangerous streets spent a fortnight by the sea or in the country. Many thousands of pounds are required annually for this branch of the work alone, as it costs 21s. to give one child a fortnight's holiday. But just now, in addition to gifts of money, the Society makes an appeal for clothing, boots, toys and parcels of food for distribution at the mission centres. The Secretary, 32, John Street, London, W.C.1.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION

This Association is to-day supporting 360 pensioners and is anxious to increase the number if only new subscribers will come forward. Every £1,000 given by way of annual subscriptions enables 20 more yearly grants to be made. Not only is help given to the aged and to chronic invalids, though the Association has many of these on its books, many who live lonely and secluded lives having few friends or relatives, but to those whose incomes have been reduced either by business losses or falling dividends. Almost daily appeals come for assistance towards doctors bills, convalescence, dental and optical treatment and school fees; also help is given towards rent and rates if found necessary on investigation. Friends and relations of applicants are asked to supplement if at all possible the grant made by the Association, and in cases where there is the possibility of the repayment at a later date of part of the grant, the recipient is asked to consider it as a loan, as it is a well-known fact that many people are strongly averse to accepting anything in the nature of a charity dole. The Association also acts as an agency for the work done by those who cannot seek their own market, yet whose work is worthy of a ready sale. The amount given in grants and relief last year was nearly £12,000, towards which £1,368 was contributed by friends of the pensioners, but it will be seen that in order to maintain the work being done and to increase it, many new annual subscribers are required. All donations should be sent to the Secretary, 75, Brook Green, London, W.6.

FRIENDS' SERVICE COUNCIL

Amid the European turmoil of the present day, with all its international suspicion and intrigue, the Society of Friends goes on quietly and consistently with its work for peace, seeking to strengthen international and inter-racial understanding by the organisation of constant constructive intercourse. Since 1918 the Friends have maintained Service Centres in most of the capitals of Europe and every endeavour is made to unite countries by means of international conferences, student clubs, relief work, peace propaganda, press publicity, etc. Centres of the Friends International Service are also established in the Near East, in India, China and in parts of Africa, where educational, medical and social work goes on. The ordinary needs of the Society for this year were estimated at £26,000, but in the meantime fluctuating exchanges in Europe and elsewhere have meant that another £3,000 must be obtained to cover the year's expenditure, without any increase in commitments. An interesting booklet has been issued showing how half-crowns, either singly or in multiples, can be used and a subscriber may choose the fund to which he wishes his donation to go. Friends' Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

Previously dealt with:—

The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.
The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, W.1.
Royal National Lifeboat Institution, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.
The Salvation Army, 101 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4
Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT TO

Devoted to both treatment and research.

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

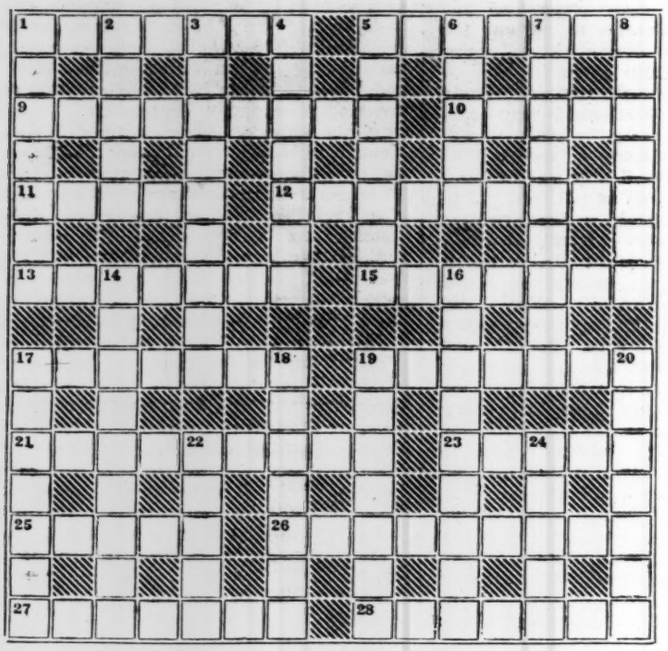
The total cost of maintenance is £50,000 per annum.

FULHAM ROAD LONDON S.W.3.

THESE FIRST...
Please!
"God Bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim
A Christmas Carol (Dickens)
PLEASE REMEMBER OUR TINY TIMS. WE HAVE 4,500 CHRISTMAS DINNERS TO PROVIDE.
Will you help?
WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
KENNINGTON LONDON S.E.11.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 249

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss F. Gibson, Redcot, Bishop's Lydeard, Taunton.

ACROSS.

1. Mussolini in the wrong coloured shirt.
5. Sort of stride taken in quick ascent.
9. Players of 5 perhaps.
10. Never borne by 4.
11. Something wanting in expression of sorrow.
12. By the way a going concern.
13. We all come in for it musically.
15. Fast time in the East.
17. Stop before the opening.
19. Did it help to raise Lever House?
21. The heat of the moment is evidently no cause of unfriendly retorts.
23. Can be read in white.
25. Equine roundabout.
26. Contains the root of the blooming matter.
27. An uncertain person.
28. Soothing dishes?

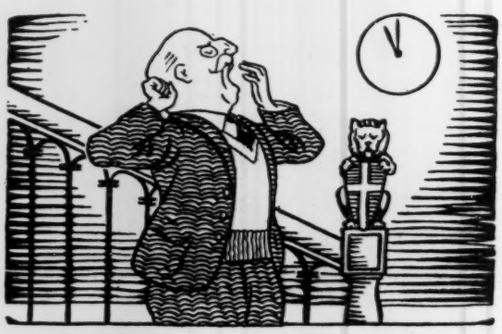
DOWN.

1. William II's thatch.
2. This gully can be seen in a London garden.
3. There's no end of a game if you don't restrain a fellow worker.
4. Useless as yarn spinners.
5. The young may pick up on his ground.
6. One can make a shot for them.
7. Instruction from the Higher Command?
8. Connected with a coronet.
14. Equivalent of a penalty kick in jousting?
16. Makes grinding turns.
17. Choose them in France.
18. Often held up in block form.
19. No fuss I make for coalitions.
20. They should mark time accurately.
22. A smell like this goes up.
24. Leaf for dominion.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	R	I	N	G	E	D	■	E	X	P	L	O	R	E
O	■	S	■	I	■	O	■	S	■	L	■	P	■	L
B	U	L	L	F	I	G	H	T	■	A	B	E	L	E
B	■	E	■	T	■	R	■	A	■	I	■	N	■	C
L	A	T	C	H	■	O	U	T	A	N	D	O	U	T
E	■	■	■	O	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	E
D	E	S	E	R	V	E	■	S	T	U	D	D	E	D
■	■	T	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	■
T	R	A	V	E	L	S	■	O	R	D	E	R	L	Y
I	■	I	■	■	■	H	■	U	■	R	■	■	■	I
P	A	R	C	H	M	E	N	T	■	E	A	G	R	E
T	■	C	■	A	■	L	■	W	■	A	■	R	■	L
O	V	A	L	S	■	L	E	A	F	M	O	U	L	D
E	■	S	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	E
S	C	E	N	E	R	Y	■	D	I	D	D	L	E	D

NOTE—Puzzle 245: Slow—"Just So Stories"—"The beginning of the Armadilloes."



MOURNING AFTER—

When the cold light of dawn is only matched by the cold eyes of a critical family, when the mind shrinks from the sticky sickliness of the marmalade and recoils from the bald beastliness of the hard-boiled egg, then there is little doubt that the night before has been spent both unwisely and unwell.

But last night's foolishness may be counteracted by this morning's wisdom. A dash of Eno's "Fruit Salt," bubbling merrily in a glass of water, has a magic touch. Headache and nausea are charmed away and you see the world once more through rose-coloured glasses.

"What's this you've brought the patient—Brand's Essence? . . . Oh yes, by all means . . . a splendid stimulant in cases of weakness"

When you want to give something that will be both relished by the patient and approved by the doctor . . . something to kindle new strength, and to prompt the return of that interest so necessary for recovery . . . you will think first of Brand's Essence.

In sickness give

BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE

Brand's revives strength

From chemists everywhere

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that you could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 (think of it!) have been ensured a happier life since the Society's foundation. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a Christmas gift to-day to William J. Elliott, Director,

N·S·P·C·C

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.C.2

Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.
Vice-Chairman: F. P. WHITBREAD, ESQ.
Hon. Treasurer: ALDERMAN SIR G. WYATT TRUSCOTT, BT.

YOU CAN MAKE IT A REALITY

10/- *will provide Christmas happiness for one poor family.*

£5 *will make TEN families happy.*

LONG before this the Church Army will have laid its plans for making Christmas as merry as it can for thousands of poor families in London and other towns and cities. However, it would be little use laying plans even for so good a purpose as this if there were not reasonable hope that they would come to fruition. But the Church Army feels that there is a reasonable hope, in that it may rely upon your generosity this Christmas.

Your gift will be welcomed by Prebd. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY

EXTRACT FROM LETTER
IN LAST WEEK'S "NEW STATESMAN"

"I am writing to urge your readers to call at 26 Eccleston Street (nr. Victoria Station) where they will find many and various good hand-made articles suitable both as presents and for their own use. At the same time they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have helped deserving craftsmen and miners' womenfolk."

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